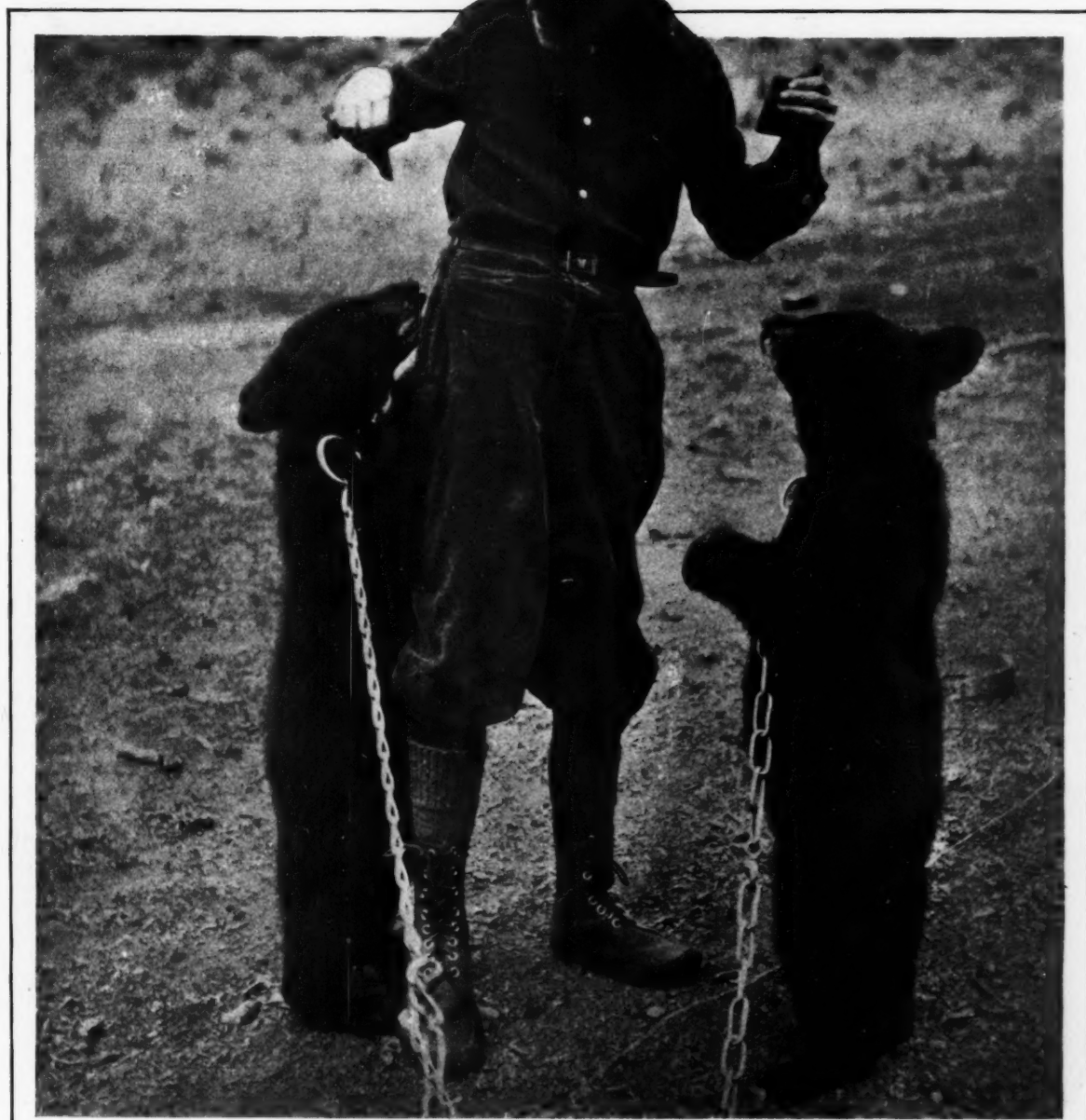


December 17, 1925

The YOUTH'S COMPANION



BEAR UP!

Photograph by Ewing Galloway.

BEN FRIEDMAN, MICHIGAN QUARTERBACK, REVIEWS THE
MID-WESTERN FOOTBALL SEASON—Page 906

10 cents a copy

\$ 2.00 a year



How do you finish? *That's what counts!*

IT ISN'T how you begin. The world's full of good beginners! *It's the finish that counts.*

You'll find it true in sports and in studies. You'll find it true in any business or profession you enter. The world is full of good beginners—but mighty few of them finish as well as they began!

What's the reason? Not lack of ability, for without ability there couldn't have been a good beginning. Not always lack of courage or will—many a losing fight is a mighty brave fight. Nine times out of ten, the reason for a poor finish of any kind is lack of endurance.

Endurance means strong muscles and fine "wind." Endurance means the efficient working, day after day, of those two wonderful machines, the body and the brain. Endurance means steady nerves and self-control. And all these things mean success in life. A fine start—and a fine finish.

With so much at stake, isn't it worth while to think seriously about the care of your body? Can you afford to do without sufficient sleep; to neglect regular outdoor exercise; to eat rich, unwholesome food? *Can you afford to use stimulants?*

Coffee and tea, for instance. You can't afford to take either of these drug-drinks! Did you know that every cup of coffee con-

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

tains from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 grains of caffeine, a dangerous drug-stimulant? Caffeine robs the body of energy, upsets digestion, causes headaches and sleeplessness. No wonder coffee is barred from training tables. *It tends to destroy endurance.*

Yet a hot drink at mealtimes is enjoyable and beneficial. No need to do without it. Instead of dangerous coffee you can have as fine a hot drink as anybody could want—delicious in taste, wholesome, invigorating. Postum!

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted, with a little sweetening. Its full, rich flavor has made it the favorite drink in millions of American homes. Try it for thirty days, just to prove to yourself what a fine, healthful drink it is.

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Your grocer has Postum—or if you wish we'll send you free one week's supply to start you on your thirty-day test. Fill out the coupon and mail it today.

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The YOUTH'S COMPANION

published weekly by

PERRY MASON
COMPANY

Publication Office
RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N. H.
Editorial and General Offices
8 Arlington Street, Boston 17, Mass.

Office of Postal Entry. Entered as second-class matter Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price. The subscription price of the Youth's Companion is \$2.00 a year, in advance, for the United States and Canada; \$2.50 to foreign countries.

Remittances. Make remittances by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe. Send all mail to the General Offices.

Change of Address. Give the old as well as the new address in asking for a change of address.

Manuscripts. Address manuscripts to The Editors, sending a stamped and addressed envelope.

Things We Talk About

MARY AUSTIN HEARS SOME GOOD NEWS—The distinguished author of *The Arrow Maker*, *Fire*, *A Small-Town Man*, and so many other admirable plays and books writes to the editor: "It is news to me about *The Youth's Companion* becoming part of the Atlantic Monthly group of magazines. If it means that there is now really to be a journal for Youth that self-respecting authors can write for, it is good news to me. For a long time it has troubled me that there has been no magazine for young people that I could write for with pleasure, for I enjoy that sort of writing very much. Do keep me informed."

A serial story by Mrs. Austin will be one of the delightful features of *The Companion's* Hundredth Year.

BEN FRIEDMAN—Every lover of football will enjoy his review of the season on page 906. *The Youth's Companion* has always believed in having such articles written by players or coaches, rather than by newspaper men or other mere spectators. Walter Camp was often in these pages. Now comes Friedman, and after him, next week, Jackson L. Cannell, Dartmouth's brilliant young assistant coach, will review the Eastern season.



One thing is lacking in Friedman's article, and that is any due appreciation of Friedman himself, whom you see in this picture practicing goal-kicking. This is natural; but we are glad to supply the deficiency. As quarterback of the Michigan team this year, he proved one of the best forward-passers ever seen and scored more points this year than any other player in the "Big Ten." His four touchdowns, two field goals and twenty-two points after touchdowns give him a total for the season which it may interest you to count up. In the Indiana game he ran fifty-five yards for a touchdown; in the Illinois game he made the only score, a goal from the field. In the Wisconsin game he took the second kick-off and ran eighty-five yards

for a touchdown. Are there any objections to the choice of Ben Friedman for All-America quarterback? We hear none. It is a vote.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT PAGES—In the November 19th issue we gave three pages to an announcement of a very few of the remarkable features planned for next year. Some of the letters received are most interesting. "I think these pages are the best I have seen in any magazine for a long time," writes Bruce Barton. "I can see how you are gingering up the old friend of my boyhood," writes Frederick Palmer, most eminent of war correspondents. "Keep it young for us young folks." And from Helen Ferris, editor of that sprightly magazine for Girl Scouts, the *American Girl*: "I think the announcement pages are exceedingly well handled and should bring real results."

But it is not the announcement pages that are significant—it is the feast of good things themselves. No other magazine can announce new stories or articles by all these world-famous authors: Mary Roberts Rinehart, Grace S. Richmond, Sir Rider Haggard, H. L. Mencken, Sir Harry Johnston, Edward Bok, Eden Phillpotts, Dr. William E. Barton, Gamaliel Bradford, Maurice Francis Egan, Holman Day, Edith Ballinger Price, James Willard Schultz, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Bruce Barton, Margaret Warde, Charles G. D. Roberts, and Mary Austin. It is an almost incredible list—and if we seem to boast about it a little, it is because we are rightfully proud of the preparations that have been made for the Hundredth Year.

Speaking of world-famous authors in *The Companion* next year, a really stunning surprise will be announced in a week or two.

DO NOT BE IMPATIENT—The contest for young book enthusiasts—we call them "enthusiasts" because we like that word better than we do "book worms"—that was announced in *The Companion* on October 29 did not close until November 30. The prize winners will be announced soon. Some of the contestants wrote about only one of the fifteen people on the list. They should have written about all fifteen, or at least about as many of the fifteen as they could identify. They made their mistake because they missed the little word "each" that was a part of the second condition of the contest. That is too bad, but in a contest you must read every word carefully.

ALL THE TIME—F. N. Y. is a very new subscriber, else she would know the answer to the question that she addressed to Hazel Grey a week ago, but we are glad to publish both question and answer because a lot of new subscribers are joining us at this time of year. Question: "We are going to have a class banquet soon, and we must make some money for it. Can you suggest any good ways to make money?" Answer: Yes. We are publishing good pin-money ideas all the time. Look in our issue of November 19 at an article called *That Extra Five Dollars* and see if you don't want to try out some of the suggestions made there.

THE WRITER of the signed editorial on the Fact and Comment page is an old friend and contributor to the *Companion*. Rev. Samuel S. Drury is an Episcopal clergyman, the headmaster of the famous St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H. A few years ago he was invited to become rector of historic Trinity Church in New York.

PRIZES YET TO BE WON—If your school is publishing a magazine or newspaper, you should look up *The Companion* for September 17, 1925, and see the terms of the contest there announced. If you act promptly, your school may be the one to win one of the two first prizes of twenty-five dollars. The contest closes on December 31, 1925; so do not delay.

PUZZLERS, LOOK HERE—If you were stumped by any of the puzzles that were printed in *The Companion* last week, this paragraph will satisfy your curiosity. If you solved all the puzzles, this paragraph will help to pat you on the back. Here are the answers: I. 1.—Benjamin Franklin. 2.—William Bradford. 3.—Bret Harte. 4.—Alexander Hamilton. 5.—Artemus Ward and Charles Farrar Browne. II. 1.—Many—am—N. Y. 2.—Leave—Eve—Al. 3.—Stall—all—st. III. 1.—Wake. 2.—Steam. 3.—Set. 4.—Has. "Haste makes waste." IV. Mrs. Green sent me three new French serge dresses.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 99

NUMBER 51



DRAWING BY
RODNEY THOMSON

It certainly did make us look stylish. We would not have sold our vessel for a thousand dollars in gold

THE ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM TUCKER

By

George Halsey Gillham

I. THE OCEAN QUEEN

ONE Saturday afternoon John Guheen, Charley Kerr and I went down to Wolf River, which flows into the Mississippi just north of Memphis. This stream was lined with shanty boats and with small tow boats that the lumber companies used for towing large rafts of logs. There were also the small gasoline boats with little stern wheels, which were used on small rivers to bring out farm produce and take back groceries. Here was the boat-club building, propped up on stilts to keep it out of high water. It was surrounded by a fine collection of gasoline pleasure launches, some of which would run and some of which we knew would run only when they took a notion to do so.

As we sauntered up the bank in the shade of the willow trees we saw a long blue shanty boat that at once attracted our attention. It was a beauty. Seated on the bow of this boat was a man with a wooden leg. He was of about middle age and middle size and was smiling pleasantly. As we ventured a little closer and stopped I remarked:

"Good evenin'!"

"Good evenin'," he answered. "Would you gentlemen like to come aboard?"

He had not only invited us to come on his boat but had called us gentlemen. We were not babies, neither were we exactly grown; this shanty-boat man with the winning smile gained favor with us at once. We expressed our desire to "come aboard," and up the plank we walked.

"Hicks is my name," said he of the wooden leg as he shook hands with each of us. He was somewhat bald, and his face was round

and rather weak about the mouth. His nose was too red. His best point was his contagious smile.

We soon became acquainted, and as Hicks showed us the manifold advantages of his craft our enthusiasm increased. The Hicks shanty boat was about forty feet long by twelve feet wide. It had a little deck at both the bow and the stern, and a small walk-way about a foot wide along the sides, with a handrail on top of the cabin so that one could walk all round it. The cabin was the thing with which we were infatuated. It was about seven feet in height and extended over the whole boat except the small decks forward and aft. When you went in, the cabin looked very long and spacious. There was a little three-burner oil cooking stove, a small ice box, a fine sky-blue water-cooler, with a large red rose painted on each side, and four beds, or cots, which were on hinges and turned up against the wall in the day time. There was a door at each end and on each side three little windows, which were curtained with calico or some such stuff. There was also a nice little skiff, which we could

see floating behind on a line. This outfit may have had its limitations, but we could not see them then. It looked extremely good to us. It was "love at first sight."

We were so entranced that we remained and ate supper with Hicks. Everything Hicks did was rose-tinged with romance. He fried the fish right there in the boat. The skillet may have been dirty, but we never thought about that. He pulled down a mysterious swinging board, with one leg, for a dining-table, and we sat down to a royal feast.

AFTER supper there was much talk, and finally Hicks dropped his voice to a whisper and, drawing up close, said:

"The facts are I own a farm in Iowa on which there is a mortgage. This mortgage is coming due in a few days, and I just naterally ain't got the funds at present to meet it. It nearly breaks my heart to say it, but I am compelled to sell this here beautiful floating palace, which is the only home I've got."

Hicks stated that for this reason he was willing to sell his boat for a song,—a mere

pittance,—really the same as giving it away. He was willing to let us have the boat for two hundred dollars in cash.

We told Hicks we would let him know our decision the next day. We started on home, in a fever of excitement; we had already determined to buy that boat and head down-river for New Orleans. Charley suggested that we could partition off one end of the boat and put in a nice stock of goods and make some money as we floated down river. John and I agreed with enthusiasm; Charley's father was a successful merchant and an influential man, and John and I thought Charley would be a money-maker, too. John and I were orphans. I lived with my uncle, and John lived with his two aunts. As I knew I should have to depend on my own efforts in the race of life, I had been saving all the money I could, but my bank account amounted to only one hundred and forty-six dollars. John had a little more. Charley had plenty of money, as his father was not only wealthy but also liberal.

We got home late that night and crawled into bed, but it seemed to me I never could quit thinking of the beautiful boat, the river, strange scenes and very, very much money.

The next morning John and Charley and I were exceedingly busy. We besought the consent of parents and guardians to the purchase of the craft, and to a trading voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans. We managed to get Charley's father and my uncle and one of John's aunts together, and there was a great deal of talk. John's aunt was afraid some dreadful accident might

happen. Our chances began to look very slim until Charley's father, who was a man of action, hit the table with his hand and said: "Well, let's go down and take a look at the boat."

Followed by three very anxious boys, they all got up and started out to see the Hicks boat. They made a most thorough examination of it, and they cross-examined Hicks. Afterward Charley's father, who was a leading wholesale grocery merchant and cotton factor, took all of us to a restaurant for lunch. No doubt this helped our cause, for the meal was an extra good one, and everybody was in a good humor at the finish.

Charley's daddy then invited the entire party over to his office on Front Row. We gathered in the big counting-room at the back of the building, the windows of which looked out squarely on the bosom of the broad Mississippi.

"An idle brain is the devil's workshop," said Mr. Kerr. "I am in favor of keeping the boys busy this summer at something. If they have on hand no legitimate enterprise to occupy their energy, they may become involved in something not to be desired. Furthermore, I should like to find out whether these boys have any real business ability. I do not propose to give them one cent. If they have had foresight enough to save some money and can buy the Hicks boat and stock her with a proper lot of goods, I say, well and good. Let 'em go out and see what they can do. I am not afraid of any of them being drowned, for they all swim like ducks. I shall be glad to advise them as to the purchase of stock and see that they get the lowest wholesale prices and the best discounts for cash, but beyond that I propose to let them alone and see whether they can paddle their own shanty boat. I am not a great believer in hothouse flowers. If any plant grows to maturity in the open, it will be a much more hardy plant than one of the hothouse variety, and it will be able to combat successfully a lot of things that would quickly bring the hothouse plant to its death. I say, if the boys are able to buy the boat and stock it, let 'em go to it!"

There were several weak dissents and murmurings, but John and Charley and I began to talk so fast and with such enthusiasm that we carried the day, thanks also to Mr. Kerr. In the end it was unanimously agreed that we should buy the boat and make the trip.

Now that we had the consent of our elders to our enterprise our enthusiasm was boundless. We were afraid Hicks would go off with the boat before we could buy it. We all rushed to our banks and drew out all our money. We put in one hundred dollars and thirty three cents each, which would make four hundred dollars lacking one cent. We turned all the money over to Charley, as the treasurer, and headed for Wolf River.

I shall never forget how Charley pulled out a big old leather pocketbook about a foot long, which he had found in his attic and which doubtless had belonged to one of his ancestors, and counted out two hundred dollars to Hicks, on the little table, in the shanty boat.

WITH the receipt in hand we were now the owners of a Mississippi River boat. As we had never really navigated a shanty boat on the Mississippi, we thought it would be best to have Hicks go part way with us. We talked about getting him to take a share in the trading venture, but we knew he had to pay off that mortgage in Iowa. We told Hicks that we intended to clear in a few days for New Orleans. We stated that we wanted him to become a member of our party and that we would furnish the food, and all he would have to do would be to keep us out of trouble. Somewhat to our surprise, he readily consented.

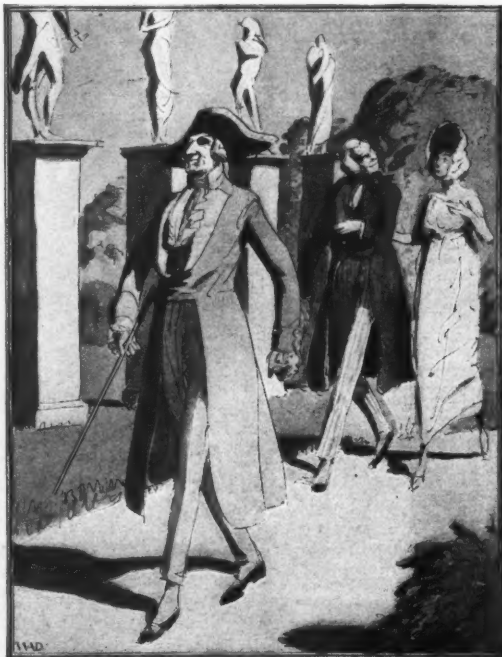
We made a careful examination of our new property and decided the boat should be calked and painted and fitted out in a first-class manner. Then the question of a name came up. We debated this important matter for an hour until John suggested one that met with our approval—the Ocean Queen.

While we were settling all these things, Hicks had disappeared. We did not see him again for two days. When he did come back his money was nearly all gone and his hand trembled so that he could hardly drink out of a cup. I am afraid all his talk about a farm in Iowa was just fiction.

In the meantime we had gone home and scraped up all the additional money we could get together, which we quickly converted into paint, brushes, ropes and canvas. We got a river man who had some big wooden

Yankee Originals

BY PAUL HOLLISTER



DRAWING BY
W. A. DWIGGINS

TIMOTHY DEXTER

Timothy Dexter rides to town,
Timothy Dexter wears a crown,
Timothy Dexter is the sport
Of all the boys in Newbury Port.
Lord Timothy Dexter

Dexter's purse is warm with gold,
Warm as the warming-pans he sold;
Dexter's house is the county's boast,
A palace on a rock-bound coast.
Lord Timothy Dexter

Dexter's ways are almost lawful,
Dexter's spelling is most awful,
Dexter's ships are in the Indies,
Dexter's guests are having shindies.
Lord Timothy Dexter

Attention, General Washington!
Stand up straight there, Solomon!
Bonaparte, and you John Jay!
Dassent look the other way!
Adams, Venus, Chieftain Red,
Keep a strict, respectful head!
Don't you dare to wink an eye—
DEXTER is a-goin' by!
Lord Timothy Dexter!

Timothy Dexter's gone from town,
Dexter's wind blew Dexter down;
Dexter's castle is the sport
Of singing birds in Newbury Port.
Timothy Dexter

rollers and a block and tackle to help us. He hitched his block and tackle to a tree on the bank, made a track of planks, and pulled the Ocean Queen out of the water. We all helped him and helped calk up the seams in the boat with oakum so that she would not leak. I can say that getting up under that boat was a hot job. John and I did most of the work on the outside of the boat, and Charley expended his artistic talent on the inside. John chose the colors the boat was to be painted. He had been reading a novel about Spain, which mentioned the beautiful national colors of that country, and he decided that we should paint her yellow and red. Yellow and red it was. John slapped on the yellow, and I painted the red, while we both sang with gladness. I don't know what

Spain had to do with a Mississippi River shanty boat, but things get mixed up that way.

John had a wild idea about putting a big mast and sail on top of the cabin, but we finally persuaded him that with a sail so far above the water line the first sudden squall would turn us over. He compromised by putting in the mast and abandoning the sail. We made one of those long V-shaped bags with a hole in the bottom such as sea-going vessels carry and fixed it to the top of the mast to tell us which way the wind was blowing. We made it of bright yellow cloth to match the painting. We had another shorter mast at the stern on which John raised a fine United States flag. It was a silk flag that one of his aunts had had for some special purpose.

By the time we had the boat painted, Hicks came back, and the next day he went off and brought back a ragged friend from another shanty boat. Hicks introduced his friend as an expert sign painter, and such he proved to be. He and Hicks were much amused at our efforts at lettering. The sign painter told me what to buy, and I went up-town and got the paints he required. With great care he painted the beautiful name of our beautiful boat in white, blue and gold letters a foot and a half high—THE OCEAN QUEEN. It certainly did make us look stylish. We would not have sold our vessel for a thousand dollars in gold. Then on the upper deck over the bow of our vessel, which was to be the "business end," the painter erected and painted a fine businesslike sign in black and white reading as follows:

Y. & M. V. Navigation Co.
Dry Goods, Notions, Hardware,
Fancy Groceries, etc., etc.

The "Y. & M. V." stood for Yazoo and Mississippi Valley. We thought that name would do as well as any.

The sign painter would not take a cent for his work, but we fed him high on fine ham, beaten biscuit, chicken salad, stuffed eggs, cake and lemon pie, and such like, which we were bringing daily from our homes. The shanty-boat people probably had many faults that we were too young to see, but they had their good points as well. They were always ready to help one another; none of them ever lacked a meal if any of the others had anything in store. One shanty-boat man gave us a little anchor, which we proudly fitted on deck, where everybody could see it.

CHARLEY had brought fine single mattresses from his house and fastened them on our swinging beds. He also had sheets, covers and pillows. He had decorated the walls with pictures, and he had put up fresh curtains at all the doors and windows. Those curtains were of fine material. I think they were old curtains, but of very fine cloth. Yes, and he had rugs on the floor, and a lot of nice dishes in the pantry.

Hanging on the wall over one of the low glass doors was our artillery. We had two shotguns and a 22-calibre rifle and what we called a "horse" pistol. It was of 45 calibre, and more than a foot long. Swinging from the centre of the ceiling was a very large oil lamp, covered by a green shade. We fitted two new oars, or sweeps, as they are called, one on each end of the boat. We then let the Ocean Queen down the track again and into the water, and she certainly did look fine. She was shining all over, and her name could be seen half a mile away.

We built a partition to separate the "store" from our living quarters, but put a door in the partition so that we could pass back and forth. Then we had a job putting up the shelves. As soon as we got that work finished, all three of us put in half a day with Mr. Kerr buying our stock.

As we had only two hundred dollars with which to buy our first stock, we could not indulge in a very large quantity of any one item, but with Mr. Kerr's expert advice we managed to get a good deal for the money. As nearly as I can remember, this is about what we purchased: calico, domestics, overalls, needles and thread, hosiery, shirts, bandanna handkerchiefs, French harps, otherwise known as harmonicas, Jew's-harps, looking-glasses, cologne, face powder, musk, knives, razors, dollar watches, cheese, bologna sausage, crackers, soda water, ginger snaps, lemon and peppermint stick candy, matches, pencils, writing paper, envelopes and ink, salmon and sardines.

"NOW, boys," said Mr. Kerr as we finished our last transaction, "this is not just an idle prank that you have undertaken. It is an important experiment. It is a real practical test to determine whether you will be successful citizens, commanding the respect of all who know you, or whether you will be—well—just bumps on a log, or in plain English—nothing. We will now see whether you can get out in the world and take care of yourselves and make some money, or whether you will come back 'busted,' with nothing but a bunch of excuses. When you get back I can tell whether to look forward to the assistance of three future partners in business or to look forward to the help of three clerks. Go to it, and keep both eyes open—and remember, you are not in any hothouse. You are now out in the open world, where almost anything is liable to happen."

TO BE CONTINUED.

B. LOU AND THE BUCKSKIN BRUTE

By Frances L. Cooper

B. LOU was deathly afraid—unwarrantably so—of the innocuous Buckskin Brute, a most worthy horse except for his peculiar knavery. On this quaking fear hinged a whole series of events that worried her brother to an extreme degree. Her mother believed "it would all come out in the wash," and the riders of Bar C confined their solicitude to an elaborate system of teasing. They were all notably fond of B. Lou, who found their concern quite tiresome.

Fifteen years ago, when Barbara Louise was a toddling baby, with her usual brevity and courage she contracted her ponderous name to B. Lou, and as B. Lou she became known as the quick-witted, nervy, hard-riding third partner in the Bar C cattle ranch.

When she was fourteen and her brother Richmond was just finishing his university course, their father died. The Colton ranch was left in their hands. B. Lou grew up very fast and became her brother's right-hand "man." Their mother was a home body, stout, good-natured and domestic, but with no head for management. So the brother and sister leaped into maturity and fought the battle of success.

Now, with her eighteenth birthday approaching and the Bar C making a reputation for itself, B. Lou was virtually eliminated as an assistant manager. And her brother missed her sorely. He had to superintend, multiplying himself, inspect all details of the big ranch, keep the accounts, while B. Lou moped around the house—sewing, of all miracles! B. Lou used to be such a help—Johnny-on-the-spot; now the harried young ranchman had to do the errands himself or detach a high-priced man from some important job. Not that embroidery was inglorious, but it marked an entire change in the girl's active, eager nature. It was an unnatural change.

If B. Lou had not been so daring, the accident would not have happened. She was a superb but overconfident rider, and one day she tried out a new broncho that the ranch "buster" had warned her to leave strictly alone. Her brother was not present to dissuade her, and she mounted the unbroken, vicious beast. She was smashed down with terrible force, and the outlawed fury jumped on her once for good measure. A cowpuncher stopped the equine murderer's career with a bullet, but the damage had been done. B. Lou spent two dreary months in a hospital. She had five broken ribs, a dislocated shoulder and a fractured leg. It was there that she learned to sew.

EXCEPT for a cracked collar bone, this was the first serious accident the girl ever had, and it destroyed her nerve completely. Eight months after her recovery she could be persuaded to mount only the safest and gentlest of saddle animals. The less spirit they had the better.

Her own gay, high-headed sorrel riding horse was seldom bridled. The expression of her big brown eyes when her brother begged her to ride with him nearly made him weep. Her health was poor, and her brother, after a talk with the doctor, realized plainly that his sister would never be her former assured self until some revolution restored trust in her own powers.

"Honestly, ma," he urged his mother, "if she doesn't snap out of it, it's going to be bad for her all round. We've got to do something!"

"Oh, pshaw!" his mother replied good-humoredly. "You fret too much. Next fall when she starts school again she'll be all right."

Rich shook his head despairingly. "The doctor says that, as she's pretty nearly grown up, this mental attitude she has now is liable to affect her health for the rest of her life. She's just a walking bundle of fear. I've got to try something!"

"Well," his mother remarked rather sharply, "your last experiment wasn't very successful, was it?" B. Lou's mother believed in letting well enough alone.

Rich flushed. His last experiment had to do with the Buckskin Brute. The Buckskin was a swift, powerful creature, a splendid cowhorse, gentle and competent. But he possessed one queer trait. If a rabbit or some other object shot up in front of his nose, he bounded high into the air and ran earnestly away. An ordinary pull upon the reins was effort wasted. You had to lean forward, take

hold of the bridle close to the bit and slew his ugly bullet head round—no stunt at all for a rider. Before the accident, this silly trick of his afforded B. Lou scornful delight.

But after B. Lou's slender body was injured to ordinary exertion Rich, thinking he was doing the right thing, coaxed her to ride the Buckskin, believing a contest would force B. Lou into action and restore her nerve. The plot worked—to a limited extent. The Brute did his stuff, pretending that a piece of tumbleweed was a ravenous panther. B. Lou, sitting timorously unrelaxed in the saddle, was chucked from his back like a peanut from its skin. The fall was nothing. However, she could not be inveigled to go near a horse for a solid week.

Rich scolded, rehearsed a blustering fictitious anger, pleaded with her. His punchers, some of whom had helped teach the infant B. Lou to ride, teased her until she merely looked at them. Her big brown eyes in her white face gazed mournfully at them, and they stopped.

WHEN Rich had done for his little partner all that he could conceive, he too stopped for a while. He was a busy man. He was engaged to Margaret Wells, the daughter of a neighboring rancher, whom he humanly enjoyed visiting as often as possible. B. Lou loved the blithe, capable girl and used to ride the twelve miles several times a week to see her. Now she talked with her over the telephone.

post holes, but made the best of a mean task.

Rich took the Buckskin Brute and made a fast trip to the upper pasture to inspect his fattening steers. It was only six more miles to the Lazy Eight Ranch, so he pushed on to visit Margaret. He got home at one and put the lathered Brute into the barn. He ate rapidly, but was glad to note that B. Lou had on her riding trousers.

"Been out?" he asked.

"No—" she murmured. "I thought this morning I'd go over to see Margaret, and then I changed my mind."

Her brother was about to offer to drive her there when evening came, but thought better of it. She was afraid to pilot the big car over the grades—she who had once feared nothing. Maybe, if he kept his hands off awhile and refused to escort her, she might ride in self-defense.

The meal eaten, Rich decided to amble down to the lower field to see if his Mexicans had been hooking one another. A wound during warm weather meant flies and disabled beef.

held. And when the telephone bell jangled she paid no attention. Another dangerous symptom. The healthy, lively Lou would have flown madly to the instrument. Her mother's voice answered and became violently agitated. The girl heard the receiver clatter, than her mother's scream.

"Good gracious!" B. Lou was aroused. She ran into the house.

"Mother—what on earth—"

"She's been hurt—she's been hurt! Get Rich, quick!"

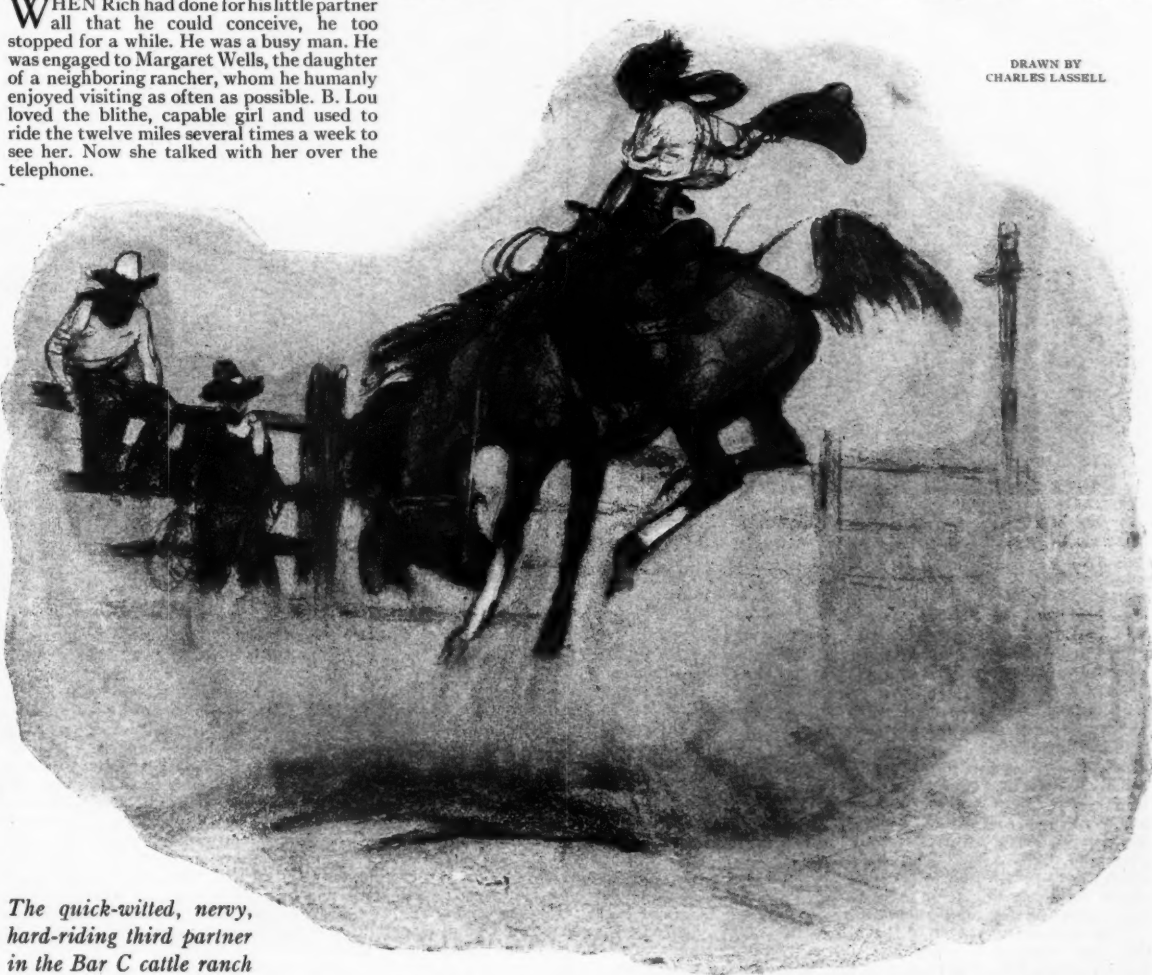
"Who's been hurt? Don't get so excited, mother!"

"Margaret! She got thrown from her horse—maybe she's dead! Oh, go get Rich!"

B. LOU felt her heart pound. Margaret hurt! But Rich was over a mile away. The men had the car. There was nothing to ride in the barn—except the Buckskin Brute! The girl's hands shook, she felt the blood drain from her face. She couldn't ride the Brute!

"I'll have to walk after the car and get the men to drive down," she said.

"What's the matter with the Buckskin—the fastest horse we own?" Mrs. Colton snapped, regaining command of herself. "I saw your brother go off on Baldy. The



DRAWN BY
CHARLES LASSELL

The quick-witted, nervy, hard-riding third partner in the Bar C cattle ranch

And Rich was fattening a lot of beef steers, preparatory to shipping. He had also invested in a herd of long-horned Mexican cattle. These steers were in a pasture, a mile below the ranch. The feed was short, and troubles had swarmed. Two days after the purchase, a sudden big rain had burst in the mountains, ripped down the Bar C creek and in the highest flood of Rich's memory had hit the cattle corrals and partly wrecked the branding and dehorning chute. And until he sawed off their sharp weapons the Mexicans could not be mixed with the hornless bunch.

As soon as the flooded ground dried sufficiently Rich set his whole crew to mending the undermined chute and corrals. Early in the morning the men all piled into the big utility car and drove off to their job, half a mile away, whooping. They hated digging

"What are you going to do this afternoon, B. Lou?" he inquired.

"Nothing," she replied dully.

"Come along with me to look at the Mexicans. I need your opinion," he said artfully.

"No."

He went to the stable and started to lead out the Brute. But the Brute was a slow eater and had not half devoured his grain. He knew his rights and protested. Rich looked round through the stalls. Not a cayuse except lazy old Baldy, once sniffed at by B. Lou as beneath notice, now her slave. The young man flipped his gear on the old horse. It was not worth while to run in a brisker mount.

As he jogged away he saw B. Lou come out to the hammock, which swung between two huge cottonwoods, and subside into it. But B. Lou did not even read the book she

Brute's in the barn! Seconds count. That horse could make better time down and back on that awful road than any car!"

"I can't!" whispered B. Lou in terror.

"You coward!" Her gentle mother's contemptuous words cut her to the quick. "Fat as I am, I'll climb aboard that horse and go myself. You coward!"

This was too much! Blinded by tears, with a raging turmoil of emotions, she thrust her mother to one side. She raced to the barn, her mother wheezing at her heels. She was so scared that she thought the peevish horse never would tear loose from his oats and permit himself to be saddled. She shivered. When the Brute was cross he hunted for bogies to shy at and run away from!

A coward, was she? When her mother said that, her last prop was gone. What

(Continued on page 915)

MID-WESTERN FOOTBALL

A Review of the 1925 Season

By Ben Friedman

Quarterback, University of Michigan, 1925



The "Will o' the Wisp," "The Sorrel-thatched Meteor," "The Crimson-crowned Phantom," "The Backfield Ghost," "The Red Rocket," "The Titan Typhoon," "The Fiery Spectre"—otherwise Red Grange of Illinois.

THIS is the year of the sophomore in Mid-Western football. During the 1925 season there have been more good football players making their debut than during any year since the men in control of athletics ruled that freshmen could not play on varsity teams. It usually takes a man one year to get started. With the wealth of football material that is found on the campus in these days the coaches are loath to give a sophomore a chance to get into the lineup as substitute, much less to permit him to start a game. A player usually has to sit on the sidelines for one season and develop by observation.

The outstanding player of the Mid-West this year was not a sophomore, however, but a veteran. I want to name him first, and I want to try, as best as I can, to tell you why I consider him a great football player, and why I want to name him ahead of everyone else. I refer, of course, to Harold Grange of the University of Illinois, who is better known as "Red" Grange, and who carried a large number of newspaper aliases, such as "Will o' the Wisp," "The Sorrel-thatched Meteor," "The Crimson-crowned Phantom," "The Backfield Ghost," "The Red Rocket," "The Titan Typhoon," "The Fiery Spectre," and so forth. Names like that sound romantic, but they are all appropriate. I have never read or heard of a football player who had a similar appeal. He touched the heights of the romantic in sports competition.

There may have been better backs than Grange of Illinois. I am not in position to say that he is the best of all backs. There may be better backs this year than Grange. Still I believe that Grange is the best man of

all time in a broken field. Get him past the line of scrimmage and you would have a hard time finding anyone in football history who is his superior. And how he can turn an end! He is football's great thrill-maker.

Grange has played his last game of college football. What player does not envy the record that he leaves behind him! When he started in the Illinois line-up for the first time, in the opening game of the 1923 season, when he was a sophomore, those who saw him felt that another playing genius had entered the game; and through three seasons of the stiffest kind of competition he maintained a pace so steady and so fast that the best that could be said for any of his contemporaries was that he ran second to Grange.

In his three seasons of college football Grange established himself as the outstanding exponent of the open-field style of running. To get by tacklers he depended upon an uncanny change of pace coupled with a super-sense in picking up his interference. To pick up this interference he generally reversed his field but the reversing was so dexterously accomplished that would-be tacklers generally seemed to be left standing still. He also had a manner of shifting his hips that made him a most difficult man to lay hands on; and his trick of almost weaving his knees got him away from many opponents.

I am glad to make note of these gifts in Grange. I am happy for the opportunity to extend to him praise that is deserved. What makes me happy is that Grange is more than a football player; he is a thorough sportsman as well, and an athlete of the

highest type. No one ever heard Grange offer an excuse for failing to do anything. He never carried an alibi. He never complained about the roughness of the opposition in trying to stop him. He never quit under any circumstance.

There are a large number of backs this year, but on the football horizon there appears no other Grange. Another may come, just as there may be another Alexander, another Napoleon, another Shakespeare, or another Beethoven; but I doubt it. I have noticed one thing about football and other sports: there have never been two great performers exactly alike. Some of their individual characteristics are not duplicated in anyone else. So, while there may be a few as good as Grange this season, and while there may have been a few others in the past as good as he, there has never been another with his flashy style. Some one has described him as a "picture," and another writer as a "poem." To one the sight of Grange running through a broken field resembled a colorful picture, and to the other the perfect rhythm of Grange's running appealed as a poem; and what I am trying to impress on you is that no other player ever carried that peculiar appeal. Grange to football is like Ty Cobb to baseball. There have been better batters than Cobb, probably. There surely have been better fielders. I doubt whether there was ever a better baserunner. But Cobb, like Grange, has physical magnetism, elusiveness, the quality of style, individuality. He is just "something else" again.

While Grange has been the outstanding star of his team, Illinois has a few other players who rank high in any comparison. Britton, the Illinois fullback, is one of the best backs in the country, and Kassel is an extremely good end.

Britton is not a sensational player. He rarely carries the ball. I believe I am correct in saying that he scored but one touchdown in his varsity career. Still, he is a most desirable man on a team. He is a giant among backs, a splendid blocker; and he furnished Grange with his best interference for three years. I regard him as the best punter in the Mid-West. Not only does he get distance to his kicks but he also gets great height. Usually Illinois gains from five to twenty yards on an exchange of punts, and this is just as valuable as from five to twenty yards gained in carrying the ball, a fact that the public overlooks in estimating the playing value of individuals.

Kassel has all the qualities of a great end—speed, shiftiness, adeptness at receiving forward passes—and is, furthermore, a remarkable man in getting into the secondary defense. It is difficult to take Kassel off his feet, and you cannot fool or trick him. That is a remarkable virtue in itself.

One of the new stars of the Mid-West this year is Kutzsch of Iowa. In going through the line he is a better man than Grange. Kutzsch is built close to the ground and can drive hard off tackle. He shifts, pivots and sidesteps with comparative ease. He is a man of indomitable spirit, as he showed against Illinois this year in a game that Iowa won, principally because of his individual efforts and leadership in the attack. Football coaches like players with the spirit of Kutzsch, for it develops team morale.

In the Iowa backfield Kutzsch had plenty of support, for Iowa's backs were probably the most powerful combination in the Western Conference. The other three regulars, Fry, Schirmer and Graham, present a balanced front. Fry is one of the most powerful runners anywhere. Robert C. Zupke, coach of the Illinois team, remarked after his game with Iowa:

"I would sooner have Fry than any back in the Mid-West this year. He is one of the hardest men to stop that I ever saw. When he comes at you he resembles the Twentieth Century Limited."

Romey, Iowa end, is one of the best in his section. I have seen few ends that get down

under kicks as well as Romey, and he is a hard and sure tackler.

The Wisconsin team this year had no outstanding player. It is the best-balanced team that I know of. In the backfield Coach George Little has a triple-threat man in Leo Harmon. He is more of a puzzle than the others because of his versatility. Doyle Harmon and McAndrews, two other Wisconsin backs, are exceedingly fast, and if they happen to get loose in the secondary zone either is likely to make a long gain, outrunning the defensive backs.

Marek of Ohio State is another sophomore star. He is a triple-threat man, and a mighty good one. He is a fine ball carrier, either in a broken field or through the line or off tackle. His running makes his passing game formidable, for, as in the case of Grange, the defense has to spread wide in an effort to discover whether Marek intends running with the ball or forward-passing it. Marek makes it more difficult to guess his purpose by running across the field at times before throwing the ball. His punting is not startling when distance is considered, but he has the ability to place his punts.

I should like to say a word here about punting. It is one of the most misunderstood features of football. The casual patron of football believes that the great kickers of the game are men who can get distance to their punts, but it is necessary to get more than distance. The punter will be no better than his ends and if he outkicks the ends or tackles, he will not have much advantage, since the man who receives the kick can run it back and, if he gets a good start, will frequently run it back half the distance of the kick or more.

The great punters of football are the men who can place their kicks. The man who can get his kicks to the proper spot and kick so that his ends and tackles have a chance to reach the receiver before or when he gets the ball and prevent him from running the ball back is the ideal kicker.

Probably the best exhibition given in modern football was that of Harry Kipke, now a coach at Michigan, against Ohio State a few years ago. Kipke made thirteen punts in that game, and not one of his kicks was returned a foot. All thirteen kicks were out of bounds, three of them crossing the sidelines inside the Ohio State ten-yard mark. Think what an advantage that gave Michigan!

Karow of Ohio State is one of the ranking players of the season. He is rated as the best defensive back in this section. He, like Kutzsch, has fine team spirit. When Ohio State found itself without a quarterback Karow was given the job and did excellent work. He calls plays, plunges, backs up a line and forward-passes.

Hess, of Ohio State, a guard, is one of the most discussed linemen of 1925. He is a powerful man who breaks through repeatedly and throws the runner behind his own line of scrimmage before the play gets under way.

Chicago is noted as a defensive, rather than as an offensive team, but Chicago has one of the best line-smashers in the west in McCarthy. Most of the line-smashers lose their feet after getting through, but McCarthy manages to keep his. He retains his momentum after charging through the opposing forwards like a locomotive and is good for several yards more. His ability to keep going got him the nickname of "Five Yards." He generally averages that distance on plunges.

Chicago's offensive strength, rather the scoring bulk of it, is carried in the kicking foot of Curley. You generally find Curley on the bench. When Chicago has a chance to score A. Alonzo Stagg looks over and says, "Curley, go on in!" Curley goes in, and a few moments later the ball sails over the cross bar of the opposing team's goal. Field goals won the Western Conference championship for Chicago in 1924. The team had a great defense but a poor offense. McCarthy could not carry the ball all the time, and the other

(Continued on page 913)

THE GLORY OF PEGGY HARRISON

By

David Loraine and Arthur Floyd Henderson

IV. IN THE MERCHANT PRINCE'S OFFICE

TO Peggy, who had lived most of her nineteen years in four dark little rooms over a drugstore in a mill town, the splendor, the luxury, of Mrs. Goucher's Fifth Avenue mansion was overwhelming. Mrs. Goucher had seemed to her, at first glance, all furs and paint and jewels; the house seemed all gilt and plush and glitter.

Ignoring the footman who stood ready to help her off with her sable coat, Mrs. Goucher crossed the hall rapidly, entered a Louis Seize reception room on the right and sat down at a tulipwood secretary. Peggy followed, slipping in spite of herself on the parquet floor. Mrs. Goucher took up a gold pen and plunged it into the ink. "What is your name?" she demanded, and when the girl told her began to write.

Peggy, standing slim and expectant beside the brocade hangings at the door, watched this all-powerful woman's head move in little, dominating jerks as she formed the words, heard the soft hiss of the pen on the thick cream-laid writing paper and wondered what Mrs. Goucher was saying to Alan Crosby. There was something about her that reminded Peggy oddly of Clara Burns, back in Millville. Clara, who was forty, had the same bold, confident, precise way of walking and writing. Life had given nothing to Clara; it had loaded Mrs. Neal Goucher with money, incrusting her with jewels, placed her in a position where she could dominate New York society. Of the so-called "Four Hundred" she was the central figure and the autocrat. When she said "Come" people thronged to her great house in town or to her still more immense summer residence in Newport. Her whims were law. Her recognition of a family that craved social standing might be withheld for years; but, once given, it was absolute. She had been a little girl in a Western mining town when Neal Goucher, fourth inheritor of the Goucher millions, had first met her. As his wife, she had been endowed with prestige as well as wealth; and she had used both to the full.

What could she be writing to Alan Crosby? Peggy stood in a daze, watching the flying pen. "There!" The woman lighted a candle, made a deft pool of sealing-wax on the flap of the envelope and brought a heavy seal down upon it. Rising, she held out the large square missive. "I don't know why I've done this for you. Neither you nor Alan Crosby means *that* to me!" She snapped her fingers. But something in her face belied her words. That large, well-cared-for face, so smooth, so selfish, so cruel, seemed to soften again almost imperceptibly as Mrs. Goucher looked at her own remote youth embodied in the slender girl before her.

Peggy's golden hair burned like a torch against the dull blue of the brocade; her eyes were a brighter, more piercing blue.

"Don't thank me," snapped Mrs. Goucher, with sudden sharpness, as the girl opened her mouth to speak. "It's not out of sentiment that I've done this to you. I'm past all that. Take your letter and get out!"

"Oh, you're good. You *are* kind!" breathed Peggy. "And I'll never forget it—never!"

Mrs. Goucher's thin mouth actually curved, as if with difficulty, into the faint semblance of a smile. Then she made a sign to the waiting servant and turned her back to stare unseeing out of the window. The man held the door open, and Peggy walked slowly out, though not without a backward

Mrs. Goucher would grow bored; she would order the orchestra to stop playing and quite literally send her guests home. People accepted her vagaries, just as they acknowledged her social leadership. They knew she was jealous and hard. There have been society leaders who frankly rejoiced in their position, who smiled and were gracious and sought to make their followers happy. Mrs. Goucher reigned grimly, knowing the futility of her prominence. New York was growing bigger; soon it would split up into many little cliques, and no one leader could dominate them all. Ward McAllister was dead. Mrs. William Astor was dead. Well, Mary

eon the lady's maid saw only the face of her old mistress, that hard, well-cared-for face.

At her lodging-house Peggy found a letter from her mother. "We are managing very well," wrote Mrs. Harrison, "though I don't know what we would ever do without Mr. Swan. He has been so good. Yesterday he brought up the first box of candy we have had since last summer. We didn't think we ought to accept it, but he said it would just get stale if it wasn't eaten, and your father couldn't persuade him not to leave it. He always asks about you, Peggy, darling, and says there's not another girl like you in Mill-

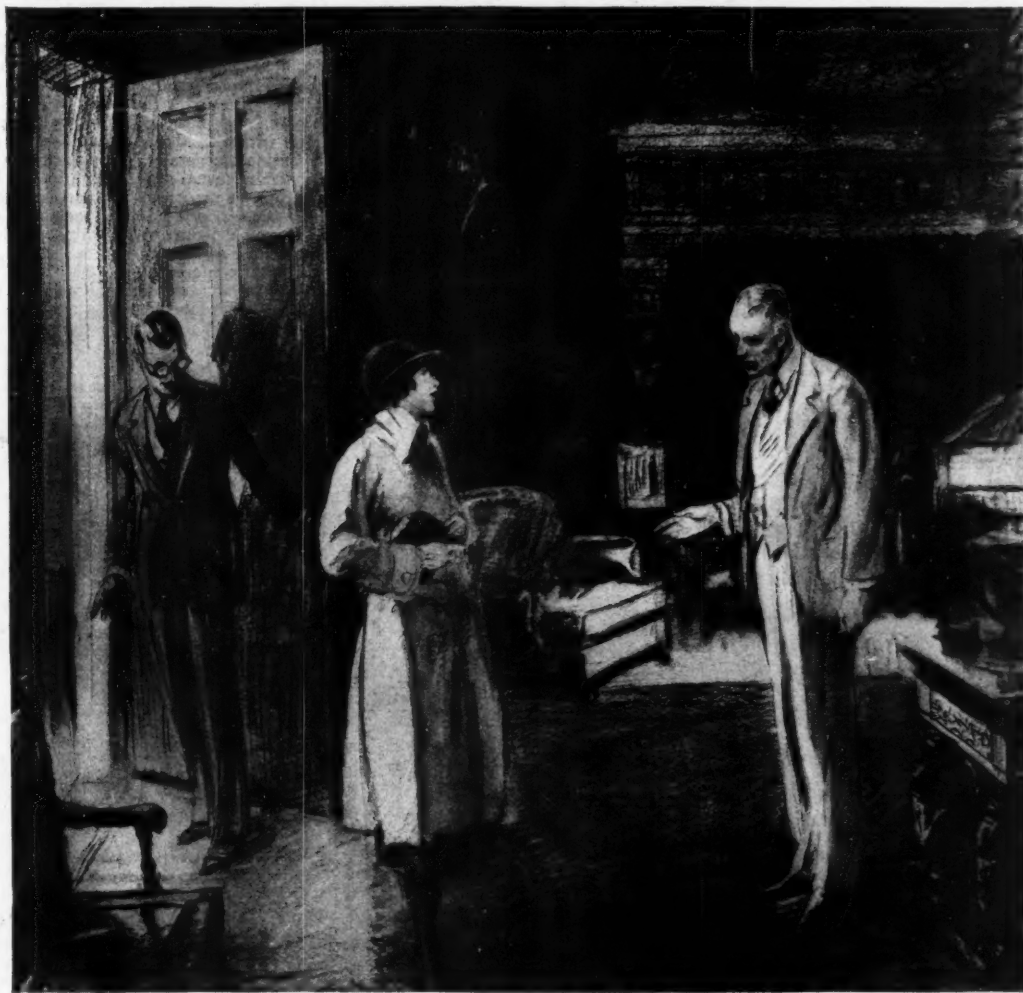
ville. As if we didn't know it! And Clara Burns—why, you'd be surprised to see what she has done, painting all the old woodwork white, and putting new things in the windows, and taking away those hideous big vases of colored water; and, Peggy, when I went to ask her about it she said it is all on account of you. 'Yes,' she said, 'I'm trying to dress up this old store all I can; I got to thinking about Peggy and her courage in going to New York, and I said to myself that, if she could do that, I guess I can do something too.'"

Peggy read on and on. The only disquieting thing in the letter was just at the end: "Tommy has a cold. His sweater is pretty nearly worn out, and so are his shoes. Mr. Swan sent up a bottle of cough mixture, and I think it will break the cold up."

Peggy felt the old catch at her heart. Well, she was not hopeless now. Soon she would have work and would send money home—money for warm clothes and nourishing food and necessary medicine. She thought gratefully of Mr. Swan. Some men are naturally good, Peggy decided. She had refused to marry Jacob Swan, and yet he was now standing between her family and absolute destitution—between them and public charity. She looked at the big, square envelope lying on her bureau and wondered what Mrs. Goucher had written. And then her cheeks burned as she thought how daring she had been to go to such a woman and make such a request! "But it wasn't just for myself," she thought. "It was for them. Anybody could be brave—for them!"

And whether this were true or not, for Peggy's bravery and self-reliance were decidedly unusual, it was with a firm step and a head held high that she entered the queer little triangular lunchroom across the street next morning.

"Ah, good morning," said its brisk, diminutive proprietor. "You're an early bird—and I see you've already caught the worm!" Peggy looked at him in astonishment. But he went on in his gurgling, cheery voice—a voice that seemed always to have a laugh in it somewhere: "You've caught *something*, I'm sure of that. Your luck has changed, my young lady. You've got a new look in your eyes, and it says, 'I'm hopeful.'"



DRAWN BY D. G. SUMMERS

Peggy gasped involuntarily at the appearance of the man who confronted her

glance full of gratitude—and of pity, too—at the woman standing there in front of the plate glass window.

One of the strange things in life is that we can never make ourselves completely hard. For thirty years Mrs. Neal Goucher had lived for herself alone, craving power and gaining it and using it without compunction for her own ends. Money was her magic wand, but it had only a limited magic. It would buy everything for her—everything but happiness. With the realization that life could seem glorious in the Arizona mining town and tiresome and disappointing on Fifth Avenue came cynicism; and with cynicism, a cruel hardness. Sometimes in the midst of her most brilliant entertainments

Goucher was not dead. And while she lived she would rule!

She turned round from the window and looked at the beautifully inlaid desk where she had written the letter. Why had she written it? She had told this lovely, appealing girl that she did not know. Ah, but she did know! She knew only too well that she had done it because she had pitied the girl. It was one of her few unselfish acts. She had given with no thought of return; and in giving she had felt a moment of happiness, a little moment that proved to her the failure of her life of self-interest. But her mood soon passed,—women who have lived selfishly for thirty years do not easily change,—and when she swept upstairs to dress for lunch-

at her quizzically, with his head cocked on one side.

Peggy laughed. "Yes, I think my luck has changed at last," she said. Then, since she felt she already knew the little old veteran and was sure of his sympathy, she told him about the letter that Mrs. Goucher had given her. Mr. Birdmanner's bright black eyes twinkled. "The thing I can't understand," Peggy concluded, "is why she did it. She said herself that she didn't know why."

"I know why," the old man said suddenly. "You—you know why she gave me the letter?"

"Yes, that I do. You gave her something, and she gave you the letter in return."

"But I didn't give her a thing," Peggy protested. "How could I, when I didn't have a thing to give?"

"Well, now," chuckled Henry Birdmanner, "you may have given her a new experience maybe—she isn't used to girls holding her up and asking her for a favor. No, no—that isn't it. It may have been a word you let fall that pleased her, or a look about you that reminded her of herself when she was a girl, and tickled her memory."

Peggy, for all her seriousness, laughed again.

"It's rough on you to say you look like an old scarecrow like her," observed Mr. Birdmanner sagely. "Those women in her position spend two-three hours every day with hairdressers and manicurists—and now *masseuses*—and dressmakers and all the rest of it; and I'll bet Mrs. Goucher would give half her money to be as young and pretty as you are, just for one day."

Peggy could not understand. "Do you have to give something in order to get something, always?" she asked.

"I've lived a long time," he answered, with a grave nod of his head. "I'm eighty now, and that's one of the things life has taught me. You don't get something for nothing; it's not nature's way. Sometimes it seems as if folks get something without paying for it, but don't you believe it; it only looks that way because we don't know all the facts."

Peggy nodded. She was hardly convinced yet, but the thought was one to ponder and

consider. "Well, anyway," she said, rising, "I've got the letter to Mr. Crosby, and I'm on my way to see him now."

"With an idea all thought out for him, I'm sure of it," said Mr. Birdmanner, making her his queer, old-fashioned little bow.

It was true that Peggy had an idea. She had not looked at the Mammoth Store's advertisements for nothing. On her way uptown in the elevated she perused the day's double-page Mammoth advertisement. Clothes, household furnishings, nursery things; a special bargain in cigars; announcement of a sale of bed linen—all lavishly illustrated, cleverly written—but somehow cold. No human touch at all in those two screaming pages—nothing but an invitation, a direct command, to come and buy. Women would read those pages; a woman on the seat next Peggy was reading them now. She would get off at the Mammoth perhaps and go inside, and be chilled by those pale-faced, uninterested salesgirls. Why, thought Peggy, you might trade at the Mammoth all your life and never know the name of the girl who waited on you! It was the rarest exception when Peggy, in Jacob Swan's store in Millville, failed to recognize a customer and to know all about him or her. If it hadn't been for those friendly human contacts, life in the store would have been unbearable. But the Mammoth, as Peggy knew, was merely a big commercial machine, cold and soulless, depressing to its own people and to the customers whom it served. Surely, this could be changed.

SHE entered the store with confidence and told the elevator man that she wanted Mr. Alan Crosby's floor. The man asked her, as he had asked the day before, if she had an introduction to him. She said quietly that she had a letter from Mrs. Neal Goucher. And when the elevator stopped on the nineteenth floor, the magic of the letter began to make itself felt at once. The elevator man made a private signal over her shoulder to the guard outside Mr. Crosby's office. Yesterday the guard had been surly. Now he stepped forward in a civil way and asked Peggy what she wished.

"Please give this letter to Mr. Alan Crosby," she said.

The guard took it in his big bony fingers and carried it into an office where Mr. Crosby's secretaries sat at mahogany desks. One of them came out at once—almost before Peggy had time to note the marble hall, the little Italian fountain at the end of it, the growing palms in stone vases, the look of restful luxury so different from the severely ugly and uncomfortable floors below, where the customers bought goods. Nobody is so careful of his own comfort as a successful metropolitan business man. Architects and decorators vie with one another to make his private offices more luxurious, if possible, than his home or his club.

The secretary who came forward was a slim, well-tailored young chap with a budding moustache. He held the big, square envelope in his hand; and he turned it over and scrutinized the seal. Never had Peggy seen a man's expression change so quickly. From bland unconcern the glance he now shot at her was full of surprise, respect and something almost like fear.

"For Mr. Crosby—from Mrs. Neal Goucher?" he said.

Peggy nodded. He led her to an elaborate settee near the fountain. "Mr. Crosby is engaged," he said, "but I have no doubt he will be at your service in a moment." Then he disappeared with the letter.

Four or five portly, prosperous-looking men came rather suddenly out of a door across the hall. Peggy guessed, and correctly, that these were high officials of the store, with whom Alan Crosby had been conferring when she arrived. They were important department managers, and their meeting with the president had not been a calm or pleasant one. Things were not well with the Mammoth. In a year of dull business generally, its sales were lagging far behind usual records. And Alan Crosby, as Peggy was soon to realize, was not a man to excuse poor business or to hold guiltless those subordinates whom he deemed responsible. Few things would have called him from that conference; but Mrs. Neal Goucher's letter was one of them. She was a customer who could not be

put off, even though she called merely by proxy. Alan Crosby dismissed his managers and sent word by the secretary for Miss Harrison to come in at once.

As Peggy entered she gasped involuntarily at the appearance of the man who confronted her.

MEANWHILE, in Millville, Mrs. Harrison, having just sent Tommy off to school, was sitting down with her husband to a breakfast of cornmeal mush. Henry Harrison's pale face seemed to have grown sharper and paler if possible during the past fortnight. His wife looked at him anxiously. "I'm sorry there's no milk this morning Henry," she said. "Perhaps I can find a little molasses."

"It doesn't matter," he said. "I'm not hungry at all. But I'm thinking, Elisabeth, that we may not be able to hold out, unless—"

"As long as you are all right," interrupted Mrs. Harrison bravely, "nothing else matters. I wrote to Peggy yesterday; you were asleep when I had to catch the mail."

"A good, brave letter, I hope?"

"Poor child, yes," said Mrs. Harrison. "I said we were all right. But unless something happens, Henry, within a day or two, I am afraid we will have to write and ask her to come home and take a job—any job she can get."

Mr. Harrison dropped his spoon and let his head fall suddenly across his folded arms.

With a startled cry Mrs. Harrison sprang from her chair and in a moment was bending over him. "Henry! Henry!" she murmured brokenly. "What—oh, what is the matter?" She stroked his straggling hair and lifted his head. "Henry—Henry—"

Henry Harrison's eyes were closed; his gaunt, sallow face was expressionless. Suddenly fear like no fear that she had ever felt before in her life gripped the heart of the woman, and, scarcely knowing what she did, she ran to the door, flung it open and cried: "Mr. Swan! Clara! Mr. Swan!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

(Read next week how calamity in a new form struck the Harrison house.)

THE OLD ELDER'S GRAB-BAG

By C. A. Stephens

EVERYONE said that Elder Witham was a good man, but he wasn't popular. All admitted that he had sterling principles, and that his sermons were sound in doctrine; yet few people liked him. He was austere and uncompromising. He came down terribly hard on sinners; and, as nearly everybody sins sometimes, the elder had occasion, as the years passed, to reprove almost everyone who attended church at the old chapel. Moreover, he seldom reproved with gentleness. Even great sinners are perhaps entitled to courtesy, but they got little of that from the elder. As a consequence his salary, which was always small, was apt to be painfully in arrears; no one seemed to care very much to help make it up. As the season advanced and cold weather came on, it was a shameful fact that the good man and his sister—"Aunt Olive," who lived with him—were at times in actual want for the bare necessities of life.

This was the case one November. More than half the salary for the entire year remained unpaid; and in response to a



DRAWN BY HAROLD SICHEL

The little scamp kicked and bit

pointed and well-nigh pathetic appeal for it from the pulpit one Sunday some waggish person, after service, suggested that a grab-bag be resorted to as a device to raise the necessary funds.

It had been proposed as a joke, but the idea appeared to find favor, especially with the young people, my cousin Addison in particular, who just at that time was not on the very best of terms with the elder. I imagine Addison suspected that a grab-bag would be distasteful to the austere old elder, and such indeed was the case. When the project was first mentioned in his hearing he vetoed it instantly, declaring that he would not benefit by anything like a raffle, lottery or other game of chance.

Nevertheless Addison continued to promote the scheme and to collect "prizes" for the grab-bag. Others assisted, deeming it a good joke on the elder. There was opposition, however, on the part of many church members, who disliked the idea of raffling and chance grabbing. The promoters therefore changed the name from grab-bag to "debt-lifter." They also ceased to speak of prizes

and called them gifts; and they decided to have no blanks, but to provide a gift, even though very trifling, for each and every patron.

The elder was finally induced to consent to the plan; he sorely needed the proceeds! But he and the church stewards refused to have the entertainment in the meeting-house; it took place at the schoolhouse in the Old Squire's district, though the Old Squire himself declined to be present.

AS the week passed, the original plan had been much modified and expanded. Gifts were procured that would by no means go into a bag. One was a cosset sheep that had come to be a nuisance at the Wilbur barn. Addison bought it for sixty cents. Some one gave him a white-toed puppy. A woman contributed a superfluous but pretty mottled cat that she shrank from having killed. Addison took everything that was offered. He also paid two dollars for a very young white calf that could be advertised for veal, and five dollars for a little runt of a yearling colt with a white face, which a farmer named Darnley had concluded was not worth wintering. He bought two old roosters and a small gander and got a little black pig from another farmer.

There was, moreover, a multiplicity of inanimate articles. One woman gave a wheel for spinning flax. There were two old blue army overcoats, an antiquated tall hat, an old plow, a hoe, a new tin bucket, an ear-trumpet, a fine great bean pot, a spare rib of pork, a bushel of potatoes, a firkin half full of butter, a Confederate history of the Civil War, a framed picture of George Washington, an ancient cross-cut saw, an accordion, and so on. Addison took anything that he thought would add to the fun or could be advertised on the fifty great yellow posters that he had had printed at the village newspaper office. Those posters stated that gifts to the estimated value of three hundred dollars would be handed out to patrons; but it wasn't stated who had estimated the value. As every patron was promised a gift of some sort, a hundred sticks of chewing-gum and a hundred and fifty sticks of candy were bought, with which to pad out the list of seven hundred "grabs," or tickets, which it was decided to offer the public at twenty cents a "grab."

Addison and the other promoters of the project thought it best to preserve to some extent the original idea of a grab-bag, but to facilitate matters they had to resort to the plan of using little pasteboard tags numbered from one up to seven hundred, all shaken up together in a bag. The bag of tags was to be hung in front of the teacher's desk, convenient to grab from, and a corresponding list of numbers, with the names of the gifts opposite them, was to be propped up on the desk where Addison, as master of ceremonies, could sit and read off the gifts to which the grabbers as they grabbed from the bag were entitled. Cousin Theodora also consented to sit at the desk with him to take the money and make change.

SATURDAY evening, the second of December, was set as the date for the grand event. During that day the gifts were collected at the schoolhouse, though the "live stock" was not brought there till late in the afternoon. Addison and other helpers had driven about, two days previously, putting up the posters and otherwise advertising the "grab-bag" throughout the town and two adjoining towns. There was good sleighing at the time, and the public response was nearly or quite as great as was expected. Sleighs came jingling up. The schoolhouse slowly filled to its utmost capacity. By seven o'clock it was difficult for late-comers to crowd in. Meanwhile from the shed at one end of the schoolhouse the gander was heard squawking, the roosters were squawking, the puppy whining loudly, and there was an occasional "baa" from the old cosset.

Addison made a speech: "Good friends," he said, "this isn't a lottery. There's a gift for everyone who pays his or her twenty cents. Every cent of the proceeds goes to Elder Witham. I hope therefore that you will not be backward about giving at least one grab at this bag which you see before you. Three hundred dollars' worth of gifts, you know, and every grab gets one. One thing more. Among the gifts here tonight there is much live stock. You can hear their plaintive voices out there in the shed. It is earnestly requested that the winners of these living gifts will take them away this very night and not leave them to the rigors of winter in that cold shed. Be kind to these humble creatures that are about to be yours."

The push for grabs was so brisk that for a time Theodora had all she could do to make change, while Addison sing-songed the number and the name of the gift, with humorous comments. The gift rewarding my own twenty cents was a stick of candy numbered 136; Cousin Halstead drew the old battered silk hat and at once put it on. There was a shout when Elsie Wilbur drew the old cosset sheep, which had after all to be led back to the Wilbur barn. Our young neighbor, Kate Edwards, got the white-toed puppy. Some who paid for two grabs drew only gum—and were loudly rallied by the onlookers. Aunt Sarah Murch drew the mottled pet cat. "Oh, land!" she cried. "We've got four cats at our place now."

THUS the fun went on for an hour or more, till about six hundred grabs were made and most of the substantial gifts were bestowed. After that the grabbing dragged a little in spite of all the verbal stimulation that Addison could give it. At ten o'clock the list showed that only thirty tags remained ungrabbed in the bag. But by that time a good many people had gone. Out of loyalty to the old elder Theodora then grabbed twice—and got gum. Not to be outdone in generosity, Cousin Ellen grabbed three times in succession, and her third grab, number 41, landed the little runt of a yearling colt on her hands!

"O dear! What shall I do with it?" she cried in consternation. "Why did I grab that last time?"

"Well, you did, and you must get your colt away from here," said Addison. "That's the rule."

"But that little wild colt! How can I?" Ellen remonstrated. "And what shall I do with it afterwards? I've no place to keep a colt."

"But get it away. It's almost Sunday. I want to close up here and lock the schoolhouse," said Addison.

Ellen hurriedly appealed to me and to Halstead, under his tall hat, for help; but Halstead merely said, "Tisn't my colt. I've all I can do to keep my hat on."

Finally, with the aid of a lantern and assisted by Theodora and me, Ellen got her gift out of the shed. The little scamp kicked and bit, but we pulled and pushed it along the snowy road to the Old Squire's and at length after much clatter tied it in the stable.

At breakfast the next morning the Old Squire asked what had caused the noise he had heard at the stable the night before.

"That was Nell leading home her new horse," Halstead explained. "She drew a horse at the elder's grab-bag."

"O gramp! What shall I do with it?" Ellen exclaimed plaintively.

The Old Squire said something about having as many horses as we could winter, then went out to see the animal. The colt had got loose in the night and was trying to thrust its nose into the meal chest. The Old Squire burst out laughing. In fact there was a general shout from everyone except poor Ellen. The scrubby little creature looked to be all legs and head. It had lain out in the pasture without shelter throughout November. Its coat, grown thick and shaggy, was of a queer pepper-and-salt color, and its stubby little mane and tail were full of burs.

"Tell me, gramp, what to do with it!" Ellen pleaded. Her eyes were actually full of tears.

"Why, girlie! Don't feel too bad about it," he said. "I guess we've got fodder enough. We will keep it a while and see. It has a good eye and plenty of legs. Looks like the Knox breed. That may make a good horse yet."

KEEP it at the farm we did for two years; and in Ellen's case the old saying came true, that those laugh loudest who laugh last; but that is scarcely a part of this story.

Later that morning Theodora and Addison counted up the money taken in from the grab-bag. After deducting what had actually been paid for gifts, there remained a hundred and two dollars and fifteen cents. On their way to church they took the money round to the parsonage and handed it over to Elder Witham. He made mention of it and of the amount at the close of his sermon that day.

"It has come opportunely," he said. "I give thanks to the Lord for it—but not for the way and the means by which it was obtained."

Addison felt aggrieved. "The ungrateful old man!" he exclaimed. "After I had worked all the week to get it for him."



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FACT AND COMMENT

A WISE MAN will desire no more than he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and love contentedly.—The Youth's Companion, August 3, 1827

To wait till Fruits are ripe is Foresight's Way,
But not to wait until Ripe Fruits decay.

A MAN who has "executive ability" is one who can make other people like to do the kind of work he himself dislikes to do.

WE DO NOT KNOW what real red-hot politics is in this country. At a recent debate in Chemnitz, Germany, the Communists and the Fascists fell out, and beer glasses, coffee cups, table legs and chairs flew gayly through the air. Some of the rival politicians were also found by the police to be armed with serviceable clubs. Sixty men required the attention of the doctors, and one man died of his hurts.

THE EXPLORERS who ransack the far corners of the world in search of promising new food plants and fruit trees which can be adapted to culture in the United States have sent home to the Department of Agriculture seedlings from a giant variety of peach which they have discovered growing wild among the mountains of southern China. The tree is said to grow fifty feet high. What a crop you could get from an orchard of trees like that! Some of the new trees are now under cultivation at the New Jersey Experiment Station, and some time we shall know what can be done with them in this country.

WITH QUEEN ALEXANDRA of England died the last of the great Victorian tradition. It was a strangely different social world in which the widow of Edward VII spent her last years. But she maintained to the end the dignity and the prestige of royalty, and she kept to the end the affection of a people which, more than sixty years before, had welcomed the beautiful young Danish princess to England with an almost frantic exhibition of enthusiasm. Curiously enough, the last survivor of the generation of royalty to which she belonged is the unhappy Carlotta, widow of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who has been confined in an asylum for the insane ever since her husband was put to death by his revolting subjects fifty-eight years ago.

FOOTBALL BY RADIO

FIFTY-TWO thousand people sat in the Stadium at Cambridge and watched the Harvard-Yale football game. How many hundred thousand sat comfortably in their own homes and listened to the blare of the bands, the frenzied shouts of the spectators and the crisp, staccato description of each play as it occurred, all pouring from the mouth of the loud speaker?

There is a good deal to be said in favor of attending a football game by radio. You avoid all the labor of getting to the game and getting home again, which, in these days of incredible crowds, is no small matter. You are immune to the vagaries of the weather and may sit complacent in an easy chair, while the "fortunate" ticket-holders are, perhaps, drenched by a cold rain, or pierced to the marrow by a savage wind. You miss the color and movement of the game, to be sure; the actual sight of the immense throng of spectators and of the stirring struggles of the helmeted gladiators in the arena below. You do not see with the eye of the flesh an Oberlander throwing his beautiful arching passes to his attendant ends, a Grange flashing his brilliant runs through a broken field, or a Friedman dropping his kicks with graceful accuracy over the cross-bar. You do not see the rush lines crash together or the desperate lunging tackle that brings a runner down in mid-flight—though for that there is consolation in the fact that you do not have to see an injured player stretched motionless on the ground, or supported limping to the sidelines.

But if you have an imagination, you see all the desirable things in the mind's eye, and you can construct a scene more exciting and exploits more epic than anything that really occurs! The announcer calls out, "Fourth down, three yards to go! They're off! It's a delayed pass! Now Jones has the ball, and he's gone around right end! His



This beautiful fountain has been erected at Plymouth, Massachusetts, by the Daughters of the American Revolution in honor of the Pilgrim Mothers

SHALL I SEE MY OWN COUNTRY FIRST?

By the Rev. Samuel S. Drury

TRAVEL is not everybody's right or within everybody's grasp, but if you can travel without shirking responsibilities you should by all means do so. Do so before you begin the honorable routine of earning your livelihood. Go while the going is good, but come back. I am speaking of travel, not of pulling up stakes.

Young people do not resent discomforts, and they need not wait until they are "comfortably off" in order to travel comfortably. That is why young people can travel less expensively than their elders think they can, or than the elders themselves could. The programme of buying an old car for fifty dollars, driving to the coast, selling the car for twenty-five dollars, working one's way on a cattle ship to Southampton and seeing England and Europe for an incredibly few dollars has been followed by so many groups of young men that it is now almost standard.

Why travel? You want to. That is the only reason you have to give yourself, but there are other reasons. Travel so that you may get a better idea of the worth of your home and home responsibilities. The farther you get from home the more interested you will be in what happens there. That lesson is worth learning. Travel so that you will never fall into the error of supposing that one place has a monopoly on all good things. There is no

best town in America, there is no best town in Europe; there are fragments of the best everywhere. Travel so that you may see some of the big mistakes the world has made, and avoid them. Travel so that you may learn the truth, which the inveterate stay-at-home never grasps, that people are people everywhere; that there is no splendid isolation and no one race better than all the rest.

Travel—and, it is my advice, travel abroad. It is not unpatriotic to do so. We Americans are not descended from the Red Indians. I respect good old Chief Massasoit and admire his marauding son, King Philip, but I do not trace my kinship to their campfires. My ancestors and yours came from overseas. In the affairs of England, the streets of Rome, the hills of Palestine and the deserts of Egypt we find the memories of the past of our race. There are the springs of our history; there, as you wander through the monasteries, palaces, schools and centres of industry that have been working and improving for twenty centuries,—as compared with our four,—you can gain culture. Culture is not a mysterious something, the property only of men who wear silk hats more often than they have to. It is the power to judge between bad and pretty good, between good and best. It is worth having, for to know the best is to know at least something of how to get it.

interference has boxed Jenkins! He's reversed his field, and it looks as if he had got clear! He's gone ten yards! Fifteen! Twenty-five! Here comes Byng across the field after him! Thirty yards! Thirty-five! He's down! He's down! Byng tackled him from behind, five yards from the goal line!" The roar of the crowd comes bursting on your ears. You tremble with the same excitement that shakes those howling thousands. You have seen the whole thing, pictured sharply on those brain cells that really do our seeing, and that can respond to the spur of the imagination almost as vividly as to the irritation of the optic nerve. Only the imagination creates supermen very easily,

and your fancy shows you such deeds as only young demigods could perform. Who would incur all the trouble, expense and inconvenience of actually going to a football game, when he can get such regal entertainment amidst all the comforts of home?

So, at least, we inquired of ourselves as we sat, tingling with excitement, during the closing minutes of that dramatic game between Harvard and Yale, last month. But a disquieting thought arises. Is the fable of the fox and the grapes repeating itself? We had no ticket to the game and could get none. What if some friend had offered us a seat in the mid-section of the Stadium? Should we have clung to our loud

speaker, and refused the ticket? Did anyone ever refuse a ticket to a really first-class football game? Echo, or some other nymph, conversationally inclined, replies, "It doesn't often happen."

THE WHISTLES

EVERY morning at a certain hour, in every city and in most of the little towns, the noise of whistles dominates and drowns for a few moments every other sound. It ranges from the sharp staccato of the little shoe shop to the deep reverberating roar of the great mills; but those whom it calls are familiar with the compass of its flexible voice and know which note speaks to them.

In the morning the voice summons them to work. At noon it sounds a welcome respite for the midday meal. At one o'clock it calls them back to work, and at night, with a new and sweeter timbre, it sings the laborer's Nunc Dimittis.

How many of us ever hear in the sound of the multiple whistles anything beyond the "get to work" and the "quit" that they mean to those who are subject to their call? How many of us recognize in them the regular and ordered routine of life on which our civilization rests? To those who work in factories, and for whom primarily the whistles blow, they mean discipline—going to work at a fixed hour and working for a definite length of time. But to everyone within reach of their sound they carry the same message—the value of discipline and regularity in our work. The savage gets up when he pleases, works as long as he feels like it and no longer—and never rises higher than savagery in the ethnological scale. Civilized man is civilized only because he has learned the lesson of discipline.

Every summer thousands of American boys have a course of intensive military training in government camps under the direction of Regular Army officers. They learn something about close-order drill and interior guard duty and the other rudiments of military life, but the most useful lesson any of them have is the duty of promptness and obedience to discipline. In an age when youth is impatient of restrictions and intent upon "living its own life" that lesson is salutary; and the beauty of it is that, once learned, it assumes a certain attractiveness, as if man had only to study it a little to perceive that in a universe where the very planets are ordered in their courses man must introduce some order into his own life if he would be in harmony with it.

So, when next you hear the whistles think of them, not as the moan of industry enslaved, but as the triumphant note of labor enlightened to the civilizing value of discipline.

CREATURES OF INK

OUR thoughts are of ink. Printed words fill our minds perpetually, to an extent that we do not realize till we stop and reflect on it. These black, enthralling words are counters, symbols, which pass from lip to lip, from brain to brain, till they are worn and rubbed thin and shiny and lose their real significance, if they ever had any.

Our theories of life come to us through ink. We are the slaves of editors and reporters and compositors. A few centuries ago, even after the invention of printing, the domain of books was limited. Only a few could read at all, and those few read but seldom. Ink did not saturate their brains. Now the newspaper rules us, big and little, wise and unwise, rich and poor. It furnishes us all with our religion, our politics, our sociology. It sets our fashions, it frames our manners, it dictates our amusements.

What was the world like before written words were known, when men thought in terms of pictures, or of sounds, and did not smother facts in words, their inadequate substitutes? Yet there were great deeds then, even, if all tales be true, some great speech uttered, which reverberates in all our hearts today. And long after writing and printing were invented men relied upon them very little. Spoken words made the communication of life, words spoken from the pulpit and from the stage and round the hearth and at the corner of the street. Now the newspaper has usurped it all; the world is drowned in a torrent of impersonal ink.

Some day there may come a rebellion;

but it is difficult to see how. Instead, it seems as if the tyranny of print over us grew daily greater, more crushing and less responsible, less intelligently guided. Meantime, let us individually oppose the domination of ink wherever we can. Let us try to think for ourselves, to live for ourselves, and not be altogether creatures of type. Let us keep our eyes open, our hearts open always, the fingers of our souls stretched wide to touch men and women and trees and flowers and sunshine and solid, substantial facts, and not let the black veil of printed matter cut us off from the reality of life.

THE STARS THIS WEEK

BETWEEN half past eight and nine, if you watch the eastern sky, you can see a star rise that is the most brilliant of all the fixed stars. This is Sirius (S), named from the Nile and worshiped by the Egyptians. It is readily recognized by observing how it stands at the lower corner of a large and well-formed equilateral triangle. Betelgeuse (at B), the left-hand star in Orion, is the upper corner, and Procyon (at P) is the other corner.

Sirius is well known by its name of "Dog Star," and what are called the "dog days" are the days in August when Sirius rises at the same time as the sun. The stars around

Sirius are grouped together to form a constellation called the Great Dog, and those around Procyon form the Little Dog, but in neither case is there any striking star group that amateur observers can easily recognize.

Although the brightest of the fixed stars, Sirius is not the nearest. There is one,



Canopus, not visible in the middle and northern part of the United States, that is only one third as far away as Sirius. Sirius is several times the size of our sun and has a companion, not visible to the naked eye, that is not very much larger than the earth, but is composed of a very extraordinary kind of matter that weighs about a ton to each cubic inch! It is difficult to believe such stuff possible, but the measurements that indicate this fact check in various ways. Three stars of this remarkable density have been found recently.

THIS BU WORLD

France Still in a Financial Whirlpool

Ministry follows ministry in France, each in turn frustrated by the difficulties of dealing with the financial situation. The trouble is that the national finances have been thrown into the political cockpit, and that the various groups are dealing with the subject, not on the basis of sound statesmanship, but with a view to the political popularity that they can extract from the confusion. It becomes increasingly evident that there are but three choices before the French government: more inflation of the currency with a further fall in the value of the franc, some form of levy on capital, or a repudiation of its internal debt. Germany got on its financial feet by widespread inflation, which amounted to repudiation. A great many Germans were ruined in the process, but the government got rid of its indebtedness. No French government dares try repudiation, and so far none has been strong enough to carry through the unpopular capital levy. Inflation seems the most probable result. The government will pay its debts with a depreciated currency, and the French middle-class rentier will see his thriftily accumulated capital melting away into thin air.

Keeping the Chemists Busy

The chemical experts in the employ of the government are hard at work on investigations into the possibility of making wood alcohol and ammonia synthetically. Processes for both these achievements were found among the German patent records seized during the war, and the only question is whether our chemists can work out methods of carrying out these processes economically. Since French and German chemists have already succeeded in the attempt, there is every reason to expect that American chemists can do so too. It is probable that the researches now going on will produce a cheap and efficacious motor fuel from the wood alcohol and a cheaper and better chemical fertilizer from the ammonia.

Government Trading in Russia

The latest step in constructing a new economic system in Russia is the merging of the Foreign Trade Monopoly with the Commissariat of Internal Trade. That means the control of trade, both foreign and domestic, by a single government bureau, which will become of course one of the most important, if not the most important, of all the agencies of government in Russia. It is already rumored in Moscow that Trotsky, whose organizing ability was demonstrated by his work with the Red army, will eventually be put at the head of the new department. It

appears to be the fact that the soviet government was driven to this consolidation by the inefficiency of the present system with regard to internal trade; for it is an old story that the private traders have got grain from the peasants when the government agents could not get it, and have supplied the peasants with manufactured goods that the government could not provide. That in turn is the result of a policy of subsidizing the urban labor, at the expense of the agricultural population. The industrial output of the cities does not pay for what they consume, and the government has tried to make up the difference by buying the peasants' wheat below the world price, and selling him goods at a price well above that at which they can be delivered by others.

A Railway in the Khyber Pass

Readers of Kipling's Indian tales will remember the Khyber Pass, the gateway between India and Afghanistan, and except for the Bolan Pass, farther south, about the only practicable highway through the six thousand miles of lofty, rugged mountains that guard India on the north and northwest. It was through the Khyber that all the invaders of India poured, the early Aryan tribes, the Greek armies of Alexander the Great, and the Moslems under Mahmud. Although the purposes of trade would have been served by a railway through the pass, the British government long hesitated to build one lest it should facilitate the invasion of India by Russia, which used to be the nightmare of British statesmen. Such an invasion is no longer regarded as at all probable, and rails have at length been laid through the Khyber, another step in the inevitable connection of the Far East with Europe by an overland railway.

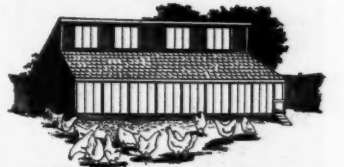
A Forgotten Inventor

Among the guests at the laying of a cornerstone for a new film exchange in New York was a gray-haired man who has the distinction of being the first man to make and operate a practical projector for showing photographic films or moving pictures. The man's name is Jean A. Leroy. He is a machinist and not a very prosperous one. Yet he practically invented the process on which rests an industry that employs hundreds of thousands of persons, turns over a great many million dollars a year and has made fortunes for no one knows how many picture producers, directors, actors and theatre-owners. Mr. Leroy ran the first strips of film through his projector as long ago as 1894; but he failed to get the machine patented and has made little or nothing out of it.

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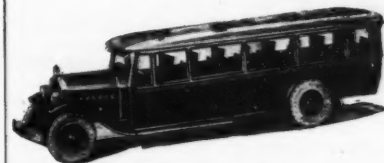
for Christmas

HERE are the toys you would like to see under the Christmas Tree when you get up bright and early Christmas morning. Kingsbury Toys bring happy hours of play to boys and girls alike. There is real Christmas happiness in every Kingsbury toy. You'll find these toys displayed at local toy departments. If not available write direct to factory enclosing price for each toy requested and name of your dealer. Immediate shipment.



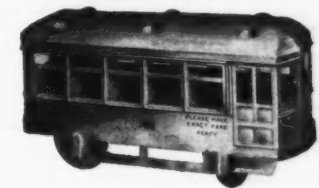
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A perfect model aeroplane propelled by a strong motor. Runs on the floor either straight ahead or in circles and will bank on the turn like a real aeroplane. Propeller revolves as long as the plane is in motion. 15" long with 12" wings. Price \$1.50



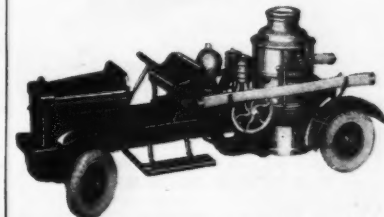
PASSENGER BUS

A Deluxe model Bus seating seventeen passengers. Fully equipped with balloon tires and powerful motor. Length 16". Price \$3.00



ONE-MAN TROLLEY CAR

All kiddies like to play with this little car so popular in small towns and cities. Rubber tires insure quiet running and the strong Kingsbury motor will drive it many yards along the floor or sidewalk. Price \$1.50



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This Kingsbury Toy Fire Engine is 9 1/4" long and is a real model of the big engines used in cities. Has two extra lengths of hose. Finished in red and gold. Price \$2.00

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A most novel and interesting toy. Whenever the truck touches a wall or table leg the ladder is automatically released and raised to an upright position. Length 18". Price \$3.00

Write for our catalog showing the complete line of highgrade Kingsbury toys. Ask for school blotters showing our BIG BOY TOYS in color.



KINGSBURY MFG. COMPANY
Dept. Y, Keene, New Hampshire

BELLS

By
Nancy Byrd Turner

Long ago and long ago I ran across a story,
Such a little quirky tale! I loved it, every line:
Richard with his trusty cat traipsing up to
London,
Halting at the crossway post to read the crooked
sign;
Amber eye and velvet ear crumpled on his
shoulder,
Brambles in his shabby clothes, doubting—
should he dare?
Troubled, facing home again, all his castles
tumbled,—then
Bow Bells crying sudden sweet, like angels in
the air:

Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London!
Look again, the miles are long,
But see the spires burn!
Try again, the towers shine!
(Prickles tingling up my spine,
Heart in mouth, Dick Whittington,
For fear you wouldn't turn!)

Lord Mayor of London, the dusty road you
traveled
Stretches straight and level now, paved with
proper stones;
The ruffled coat they dressed you in has long
ago unraveled,
And all the tides of Temple Bar go loud above
your bones.
Amber Eye is ash-of-fur; they lodged him near
the larder;
He died of stuffing pasty tarts and lapping
yellow cream;
Bow Bells' loud and lusty din has shouted
many mayors in,
But still I hear their challenge flung across the
hills of dream:

Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London!
Chanting through the deepest dusk,
They ring your bright renown. . . .
And though my steps were stumbling back
I laugh and buckle on my pack,
And turn again, and take again
The road to London Town!



THE LOOSE FOOT-BRACE

WITH his gold-rimmed glasses, expensive clothes and carefully polished shoes, the visitor from the city rather looked down on the old fisherman and his boat. He took a wide step into the middle of the boat to avoid the none too clean sides. But his heavy step set the boat rocking, and he took a second unsteady step quickly forward. His foot caught a loose foot-brace, which tripped him, and he fell forward, striking his face upon a thwart, breaking his glasses and causing his nose to bleed a little. After expressing his anger with some violence, the man noticed the loose brace, lying in the bottom of the boat.

"It's a stupid piece of business," he exclaimed, "to have loose sticks like that in a boat!"

"That's a pretty useful little piece of wood," said the old boatman calmly. He had sprung forward to help the fallen man, but he was clearly offended by his language and manner. "You'll find how good a thing it is when you want to row yourself anywhere."

"Every stick that's needed in a boat should be firmly fastened," retorted the hurt and angry man.

"If that stick had been solid," said the boatman, "you might have toppled clean overboard into the lake."

The man took his seat with an impatient gesture, thrust out the oars, swung them

back and gave a vigorous pull. His feet, having no brace, slid along the bottom of the boat; the man slipped from his seat and fell over backward. The boatman's boy, who had looked on with sympathy when the man first fell, now laughed outright, and even the old boatman grinned a little.

"If you'd 'a' put that brace you kicked aside in them cleats at your feet, you'd have some comfort to your rowing and make some progress," said the boatman.

The shamed man now heeded the old boatman, put the brace in the cleats that suited the length of his legs. Now he had a firm support for his feet, and he could throw his weight safely upon his oars.

It is so with many of the laws of life. Moving about in our ignorance and foolish impatience, they trip us up. Hurt and angry, we cry out against them and wonder why they exist. But when we recover our balance, observe life's rules and put these laws in their places, we find in them the very power by which real progress is made. "But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped," says the Psalmist in the Seventy-third Psalm. This verse and the whole Psalm is a commentary upon this experience of the man with the loose foot-brace.

WAS HE A TEMPERANCE MAN?

MANY years ago, in the lower house of the Vermont General Assembly, two members were always pitted against each other, Thomas Powers, a witty and popular man, and one Joyce, a man of considerable ability, whose personal appearance indicated a too free use of intoxicants.

One day a temperance measure was up for consideration and was promptly advocated by Powers in a brilliant and forceful speech. No sooner had Powers began to speak than word was passed round the State House that Powers was speaking on the temperance bill and there was going to be some fun. When Powers finished speaking Joyce promptly arose and opposed the bill in scathing terms and after a flight of oratory closed by saying, "I am a temperance man, and I am going to do my duty in spite of Tom Powers or the Devil."

Thereupon Powers arose, addressed the chair and said: "I am reminded of a little incident that happened in the big woods. The coons were having a convention when there appeared among them a little black animal with a white stripe on his back and a little white on the end of his tail. He was soon accosted by a coon, who said, 'You don't belong here; you're not a coon.'"

"Yes, I'm a coon," he asserted.

"Soon another coon said to him, 'Get out of here; this is a coons' meeting; you're not a coon.'"

"Yes, I'm a coon," he said.

"Thereupon the matter was brought to the attention of the leader by one who said, 'There is a stranger here who says he is a coon, but he doesn't look like a coon,' and

another spoke up, saying, 'He doesn't act like a coon'; and a third sniffed the air and said, 'He doesn't smell like a coon either.'

"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman who last addressed you claims to be a temperance man, but he doesn't look like a temperance man, at times he doesn't act like a temperance man. Whether he smells like a temperance man or not, those who sit nearest him can tell best."

The bill passed.

"LEAVE IT TO PINK"

THE wise cow-pony is a familiar figure in fiction, film and fact; but in Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart's recent account of her participation in a round-up we are able to view him from a new angle, that of a woman rider, new to his duties and hers. At six o'clock they were off.

"Underneath me," she records, "Pink moved sedately along. He had the air of an old hand at the business, and of being slightly bored at the preliminaries. It was a fine morning; the sun warmed my back, and Pink's delicate tread was like a rocking chair beneath me. I yawned. And then somehow or other I was riding down a valley with Irving, and Irving was glancing right and left for cattle, and Pink was gathering himself together and getting ready. Ready for what? "Wha-what am I to do?" I inquired in a thin voice.

"You just sit tight," said Irving comfortably, "and let Pink do it. He knows. Only watch him when he whirls. That's all."

The "whirling" did not come until four hours later, when a bunch of cattle were to be headed off.

In a second Pink started for them, and then and there did I give such an exhibition of pulling leather as I hope not to give again. He whirled and ducked; he flew and leaped; and to his back, helpless, I clung and prayed. And he did the job. He rounded up that stampeding herd and pointed it where it should go. And when it was over I let go the saddle-horn, took my first full breath in five minutes and straightened my hat. But the worst was yet to come. It was in a dry creek bed, like a canyon. Pink slid and scrambled down into it, and between its high, unclimbable banks we moved along.

And there, without warning, we came upon an enormous bull. He looked as large as a locomotive, and he was barring the way with his wives and children. The moment he saw me he lowered his head and began to paw the ground! I attempted to turn Pink round, but he refused to turn. Instead he tried to make for the creature, and it pawed the ground again and stared at me with red and horrible eyes. I moistened my lips and spoke to it in a small, faint voice.

"Go on!" I said. "Get along there!"

"Just an inch nearer!" said the bull, in effect. "Just an inch!"

"Irving!" I called feebly; but he did not hear, and Pink was tugging at the bit, and the cows had set up a kind of melancholy

chorus. I tried other tactics; I spoke gently and kindly.

"Go along!" I said. "Nice old fellow! Go along like a good boy!"

I even whistled—it had no appreciable effect on the bull, but Pink took it as a signal and dashed at him. And the creature instantly threw up his tail and started off! Some few minutes later I rode up out of the creek bed, driving my monster and his harem before me. And Irving, waiting on the bank, surveyed my catch with approval.

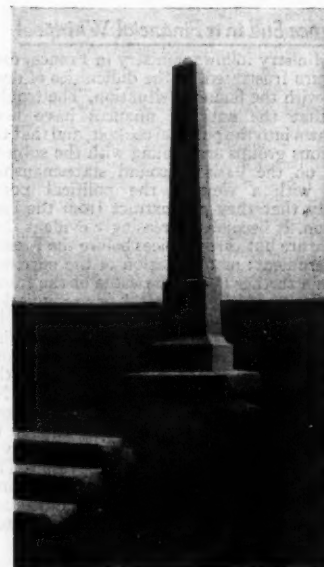
"Made quite a pick-up," said he.

"Took a little time," I said easily. "That creek bed's a poor place to work."

HERE KANSAS BEGAN

WE usually think of Kansas as a new country; yet excavations there show us that Kansas was settled by civilized people long before the Atlantic Coast states contained more than two or three scattered villages. The ruins of El Quartejeo, the first known settlement in Kansas, were recently excavated and have been marked by a monument erected by the Kansas Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

El Quartejeo was established in 1604 by the Picurie Indians in the Beaver valley, twelve miles north of Scott City. It was approximately fifty yards wide by one hundred and fifty yards long. During its time El Quartejeo was in possession of various people. In 1706 Captain Uribarrie took possession of it and named it the pueblo Santo Domingo in the province of San Luis. Villazur with his Spanish troops stayed there in 1720 for some time while on an expedition to the Pawnees. French traders settled at El Quartejeo in 1727, according to the Jacarilla account.



There are still a few stones in the depression where El Quartejeo stood. Arrow heads, pieces of corroded metal of Spanish troopers, parched corn and other articles can be found. What is most remarkable though is that part of the irrigation system put in by the Picuries is still in use.

PUZZLING THE COLONEL

IN his book of reminiscence called Everywhere Mr. Savage Landor, the artist and explorer, tells of a funny mistake that occurred when he was permitted to visit the Italian front during the Great War. He was told to report at the comando of Florence, where he could receive the necessary passes.

An amusing incident happened. In Italy Boy Scouts are called "explorers" (*esploratori*). The colonel who drew up the documents, says Mr. Landor, inquired my name, age and profession. When he heard "explorer" he looked at me with curiosity.

"Rather old for an explorer! You are joking," he said, dropping his pen.

"Oh," I said, realizing the double meaning of the word in Italian, "but I am an 'explorer' of Central Asia and Central Africa, not of Florence."

"I had no idea they had Boy Scouts in those faraway places, too!" he grumbled, more puzzled than ever.

The papers were eventually handed me, with the profession omitted.



Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.



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COLLIES for sale. Also book on training 35c. F. R. Clark, Bloomington, Ill.

BEAUTIFUL REGISTERED BULL PUPS, \$15.00. BULLDOGS, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas.

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MID-WESTERN FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 906)

backs failed to give him enough help. Lampe of Chicago has proved himself a fine end. It was his clean, hard and sure tackle that put "Moon" Baker, the Northwestern backfield star, out of the game. He is big and powerful, and he hits hard. Henderson is the star of the Chicago line. He is shifty and powerful, carrying his charge through, keeping his feet well under him and using his shoulders and hands to good advantage.

Baker, one of the outstanding backs of last year, was not of much service to Northwestern this year because of injuries noted in a preceding paragraph. In Baker's absence Northwestern saw a new backfield star rise. This is Lewis, its fullback. Lewis is a giant, and in this, his sophomore year, he established himself. He is an accomplished line-plunger, a powerful kicker and a good forward-passer. Lowry of Northwestern is a capable lineman and an ideal leader. His spirit, even more than his mechanical skill, makes him valuable.

When Minnesota lost nearly all its good players last year by graduation it was thought that little football would be shown by the Gophers in 1925, but they proved one of the surprise teams of the year. Doctor Spears, whose fame was firmly established in the East, made his debut as a Western Conference coach at Minnesota last September, and, taking a group of sophomores, with not three veteran players, he developed a team that beat the powerful Iowa combination 33 to 0 late in the season, probably the most astounding upset in recent Western Conference history. Since Minnesota will retain these players for two more years the Gophers are certain to rank high. In Alquist, Murrell and Joesting, they have three corks backs. Joesting, in particular, is a man of flashing talent, and I believe that in another year he will be referred to as one of the great fullbacks of football.

I do not believe I am prejudiced when I say that Michigan was the best defensive team in the country this year. The Michigan record, at least, will back me up in that assertion. The Michigan line was not the heaviest, or the strongest, or the most powerful, but I doubt if there has been a line faster, or quicker, or more intelligent. Thoroughly schooled in fundamentals and details, skillful and aggressive, this line was too good for every offense that was sent against it. I think America saw no better center than Bob Brown, captain of Michigan. I think there nowhere was a better tackle than Tom Edwards, a better guard than Harry Hawkins, or a better end than Benny Oosterbaan.

Brown was an ideal leader. As a player he first of all made sure of his pass, and then he took care of his man. His value on defense never received its due credit. In the Michigan-Illinois game, for instance, Brown on ten occasions got Grange behind the Illinois scrimmage line.

Oosterbaan, a sophomore, is a great end. Probably no end, at least none in recent seasons, was anywhere near so good as Oosterbaan in his sophomore year. Coach Yost says he is the greatest receiver of forward passes he ever saw, and most of his reputation is based on this ability; but even if he never had taken a pass Oosterbaan would be a great end. No player has been able to make a yard round Oosterbaan's end. He is never "sucked in" or boxed in. He is a hard man to take off his feet and therefore a hard man to go round. On offense his blocking made Michigan's off tackle drives successful.

Molenda, the Michigan fullback, is another sophomore to reach the starry heights this year. His all-round play made the Michigan attack versatile because, when the opposing defense spread to meet the Michigan forward passing attack, Molenda kept crashing through the opposing line, and when their defense came up to stop him he passed over the line.

Edwards is the fastest man I ever saw in any line. One afternoon he ran against nine Michigan backs, regulars and substitutes, and finished five yards in front over a hundred yards straightaway. He is five and ten yards ahead of the ends in getting down under punts, and since he is a vicious tackler the Michigan punters are able to get full distance to their kicks.

In a season that carried many peculiar twists and turns, in which "the dope" was frequently upset, where surprises were keen and numerous, the thing that strikes me as most surprising of all is the spectacular work of the sophomores. It was their year.



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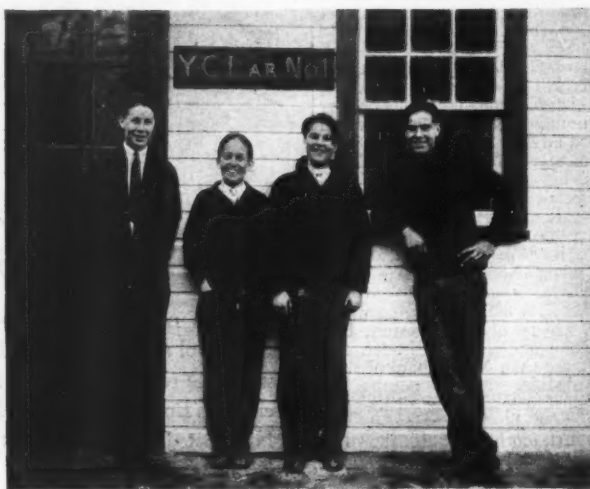
Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup 35c and 60c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve 35c

PROCEEDINGS OF THE Y. C. LAB

APPLICATIONS for membership are being received from all parts of the country; a list of the first hundred Associate Members, and of Members, will be printed soon.

The remark made on this page, a fortnight ago, that every father who likes to work with tools will be glad to have a group of intelligent earnest boys round his shop or laboratory, has already been proved by letters from men in several different cities. "My great desire for years," said a patent attorney with a home workshop, "has been for a little capable assistance. If three or four boys will help me occasionally, I shall be glad indeed to put my tools and machines at their service."

What "boy power" can accomplish is still unknown to most men. The idea that a group of four or five boys can build, under proper supervision, a building like the Y. C. Lab at Wollaston—and can finish the work, including glazing and painting, within twenty-four working days after school—is a truly sensational idea to many people. If you are motoring near Boston, call at 33 Prospect Avenue, Wollaston, and see for yourself what a neat and handsome little shop they put up. With a few minor changes, it would be immediately convertible into a two-car garage. Its cost, including boys' wages of twenty-five cents an hour, was far less than the cost of erecting it in any other way, unless the owner built it himself; in which case, he would not have completed it nearly so fast. An itemized bill of material costs will be printed next week.



The four boys who built Y. C. Lab No. 1 at Wollaston—November 14

"Why are machine screws called 6-32, 8-32, etc?"—A. J. P.

Answer by Mr. Townsend: The first figure, such as 6, 8, etc., indicates the size or diameter of the threaded portion of the screw referred to a table of screw sizes; the second figures show the number of threads per inch on the screw.

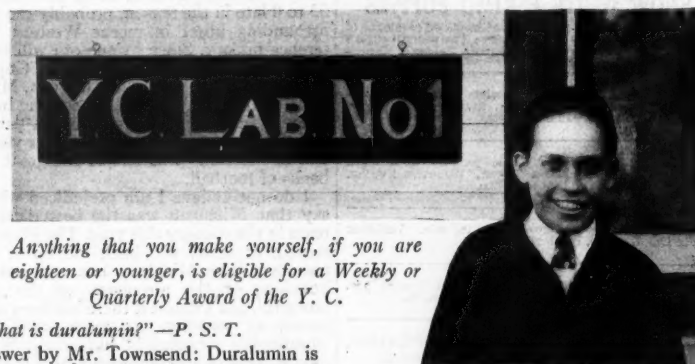
"What load will a one-inch hemp rope carry?"—F. L. S.

Answer by Mr. Townsend: Hemp or manilla ropes are sized in two ways: by the diameter and by the circumference. In giving sizes this fact should be noted. For hemp rope one inch in diameter, government standards call for a

breaking load of 5400 pounds, while for an inch in circumference this load is 800 pounds.



Herbert Sawyer at work on the sign for the building; it is of cypress, sandpapered and varnish stained, lettered in gold and black, finished with two coats of outside varnish



Anything that you make yourself, if you are eighteen or younger, is eligible for a Weekly or Quarterly Award of the Y. C.

"What is duralumin?"—P. S. T.

Answer by Mr. Townsend: Duralumin is an alloy or mixture of aluminum, copper and magnesium, the amounts of copper and magnesium being small. This metal combines strength with lightness thus making it suitable for airplane construction.

QUESTIONS

ANY BOY, anywhere, may ask any question about science, mechanics, carpentry, radio engineering, photography, boat building and rigging, model boat construction and similar subjects. The questions are being answered by competent authorities without charge to the inquirer, but you must furnish return postage. A stamped, self-addressed envelope is the neatest way.

Here are some recent questions and answers:

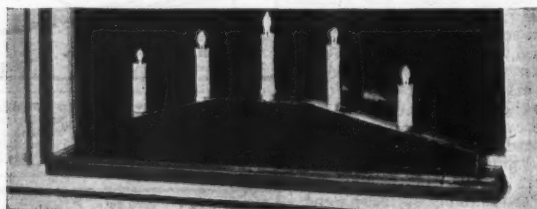
"How far away are the stars?"—A. C. B.

Answer by Mr. Young: It is impossible to conceive this distance without some sort of yardstick. It takes light traveling at a speed of 186,000 miles a second 3.75 years to reach the earth from the star Alpha Centauri, and 17 years to come from the "Dog Star," Sirius. These two stars are comparatively close to the earth. The light we see coming from the more distant ones started its earthward journey hundreds of years ago, constantly approaching us at the velocity of 186,000 miles per second. The distances are so enormous that scientists are accustomed to measure the distance to a star in "light years." A "light-year" is the distance light would travel in one year.

"How can I drill a hole in a glass sheet?"—K. F.

Answer by Mr. Townsend: The quickest way is to use a three-cornered file and a hand drill or bit stock. The file should be ground down along the point for about 1½ inches to remove the file teeth, and to blunt the point slightly. Using this as an ordinary drill and turpentine as a lubricant, a hole may be satisfactorily made. Be sure to drill from both sides, and use plenty of turpentine. Another way is to use a small round oil stone as a drill, and to operate in the same way.

Y. C. LAB PROJECT NO. 2 A Christmas Eve Candle Holder



THE pretty custom of lighting candles in the windows of homes on Christmas Eve is becoming more popular every year. The pretty custom, however, seems more like a nuisance the next morning when the housewife takes a look at her window sills, covered with candle grease and perhaps a few charred places.

Here is a candle holder which is safe, won't burn the sills or anything else, and will keep the grease from spilling. It can be made for so little that the cost can't be figured. The measurements can be varied to suit the taste and space, but those below fit an average window.

Take a piece of 2 by 4 timber two feet long. From the centre mark off 3 inches on each side. Saw an angle from these points to another 1½ inches from each end. Finish the piece with plane and sandpaper.

Mark a centre line on the top from end to end. Now take an inch bit and drill five holes, equidistant and at right angles to the base. These holes

should be not far from 1½ inches deep.

Make a baseboard for this piece an inch and a half larger all around from ¼-inch stock and put a small bead around the edge, fitting it as nicely as possible. This bead retains any candle grease which might fall. Attach base to the other piece with two wood screws.

Now secure or make five candle cups of tin. These can be made of pieces about an inch and a quarter wide and long enough to lap over a bit when wrapped around a wooden cylinder about ¼ of an inch in diameter. These can be soldered along the edge and then removed from the stick when set. Now solder a piece of tin to one end of the little tin cups. Trim the edges, and the result is a tin cup which will fit snugly into the drilled holes. It will hold an ordinary candle.

Paint the top piece a bright red and the base a vivid green, and it makes a neat and attractive candle holder for Christmas Eve—and one which will last indefinitely.

MEMBERSHIPS

WHAT have you made? What are you making now? It may be a little job in radio assembly, or in modification of the apparatus you now have. It may be a skiff, a model boat, a windmill, a bird house, an underground clubhouse—anything which you are making yourself.

It will qualify you, if the work is at all decently done, for associate membership in the Y. C. Lab. Simply send in a description of it, or, better still, a snapshot. And while speaking of snapshots, remember this: the very best professional photographers we know, such as Arthur Brown, whose name you have seen a thousand times in magazines and Sunday rotogravure sections as part of the firm signature of Brown Brothers, tell us that the worst mistake is to wait until you have a fine big camera before you think you can take real pictures. "Use a Brownie," says Mr. Brown; "use anything you have around the house. You will want a bigger, finer instrument later—but the best photographers all started with simple, cheap apparatus. Use brains, and you will be able to sell your pictures, no matter how inexpensive your camera."

When your description or photograph has been received, you will be sent a button and ribbon certifying your associate membership in the Y. C. Lab, the national society of boys who have taste and skill in mechanics, woodworking, radio, photography and kindred arts. You will be eligible to receive one or more of the Weekly Awards of \$5 for the best work done by any boy that week; and also the Quarterly Awards of \$100, and the Annual Award, which is still to be announced.

Associate Members can qualify for full membership by executing one of the major projects of the Y. C. Lab, or by submitting some important finished work of their own.

The first step is to become an Associate. Send in some evidence of your interest and ability today. The only qualification is that you must be eighteen or younger. Address The Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

B. LOU AND THE BUCKSKIN BRUTE

(Continued from page 905)

Rich and the boys blurted out had been incomparably less than those two dreadful, soul-shriveling words. To have her mother think that!

A sob choked her as she sprang astride. At least, if she got killed, she'd die doing a decent thing. Self-pity overwhelmed the girl. Her small spurs dug into the buckskin flanks. The ugly horse stretched out his long neck—and went. A mile down the rough road a panel gate, about five feet high, barred the way. Suppose she couldn't stop him! Already in a blue funk, acting like a novice, she imagined the crash, the horrid feel of her body striking the stony ground. The Brute had got her once. He would do it again!

Suddenly, the horse bounded high in the air and to one side. It had come! He had shied and was running away! Oh, he'd never stop at the gate! To her vast surprise she found herself still in the saddle. A certain desperation exploded within her. Well, if she couldn't check him, he'd have to jump the panel gate! A sort of recklessness-before-death mood caused her to clasp her knees into the horse's ribs. The gate was approaching with express-train speed. At the proper distance, long years of skill and daring made the girl tighten the reins and lift the big horse at the correct moment to soar over the obstruction. He took it cleanly. She discovered to her profound astonishment a strange exhilaration at the feat. Why, she used to jump gates and not fall off!

Hurling on down the big meadow, his gait was a fury of motion. B. Lou's self-control gave her time for a glance at the mob of wild horned steers a half-mile ahead of her. How queerly they were acting!

"Oh, Lord!" It was a prayer. Frenzied, she saw and understood. Somehow, Rich had spilled from his horse and was on foot! Experience told her the outcome. A rider on horseback was an object-to-be-obeyed, but an unmounted man was a worm to be charged, trampled, crushed into pulp. First, they would give such a curiosity a hostile stare, then they would shuffle rapidly forward, bunching as they came. Next a trot. A steer would bellow, then—tails in air, heads down, and charge!

Rich was walking—almost sauntering. He knew too much to run—until he had to. But the steers were going through their preliminaries. Rich could never gain a tree in time.

B. Lou was lifted completely outside herself for the first time in months. She forgot to be terrorized by the flying horse beneath her, forgot to believe she could never manage him, forgot to picture a crashing thud to earth. Instead, she leaned far over his neck and yelled the big horse onward. It must be amazing to a willful horse that is convinced that he is running away to have a petrified rider abruptly egg him on. The Buckskin Brute regained his senses, recalled that he

was the Bar C's smartest cowhorse with important business on hand. Evidently B. Lou wanted him to cut in ahead of those crazy steers. Well, he was the nag to do it. And he did it. And when B. Lou guided him alongside the now frantically speeding Rich a twitch of the reins, not a jaw-breaking jerk on the bit, slid him to a momentary halt.

Rich had heard B. Lou's shriek, had watched her mad progress from a corner of his eyes and desperately hoped she would cut in. He did not wish to die. She did cut in with perhaps twenty feet to spare.

A leap, and he was behind her. The Brute sprang away with his double load. Rich turned and whooped indignantly at the tons of thundering beef as horse and steers pounded ahead. The cattle began to break and scatter, bellowing questions among themselves. Their prey had miraculously vanished, leaving one of the tall, mysterious overlords who drove and branded and harassed them.

Rich leaned over and pulled on the reins. The Brute slowed to a walk. B. Lou turned in the saddle. Rich expected to receive in his arms a squalling bundle of hysteria. On the contrary, he saw the old B. Lou, calm and sure—but in a powerful hurry. His explanation, briefly gasped, of his dangerous predicament was hardly noticed. Baldy had struck an aged hoof into a gopher hole and his master, sunk in thought, simply found himself unhorsed. Such mishaps catch the finest horsemen occasionally.

B. Lou, peering anxiously, located the negligent Baldy. Slipping up to him, she leaned, grasped the reins and transferred herself from one saddle to the other without touching the ground. Rich shifted forward into the Brute's saddle.

"What's up!" he asked, finally comprehending something momentous behind his sister's absorption.

"Margaret" was dumped from her horse and hurt. You're to get the car and go over right away."

Without a word, he spurred the iron-sinewed Brute and was gone.

To B. Lou's dumb surprise, when she reached the house her brother was there to meet her, a smile of vast relief on his countenance.

"She was only stunned—they just telephoned!" he said. Then he added, wonderment in his tones. "It's funny—isn't it?—the way things turn out. If she hadn't been thrown, you wouldn't have come after me when you did, and if you hadn't—"

They stared at each other, round-eyed. Neither finished the sentence. There was a great bond between the two.

"But," said B. Lou, soberly, firmly, "if I hadn't, I shouldn't have my nerve back—and I have! O Rich, it's just marvelous to know I'm not going to be afraid of anything—ever—any more!"

The Editor's Private Prize Contest

For the Thomas H. Beck Gold Coins

NO sooner was the announcement made, a few weeks ago, that our friend Mr. Thomas H. Beck had put up thirty dollars in gold for the best letters from boys and girls on "How I Sold The Youth's Companion to a New Subscriber" than letters began to pour in. Here is the very first:

Dear Editor: One day I saw in The Youth's Companion a notice that, if you sent in a new yearly subscription and thirty-five cents extra, you would get a steam engine. Boy, I dove right after it. I went next door and asked if she would like to take The Youth's Companion, and she said "yes." I ran in the house and sent it and in a few days I got my steam engine.

George Somers, age 11½ years
Newtonville, Mass.

This contest closes January 1, 1926. Send your letter immediately and see if you can beat George. Any startling or humorous adventure you may have had, provided it shows good salesmanship on your part, will make you eligible to win a prize. The first prize is \$20 in gold, and there are two \$5 second prizes. Write neatly; all editors appreciate that! Give your age after your name. Write to

The Editor of The Youth's Companion,
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Treasure Hunt News
Treasure Seekers Finding Gold

Talk about adventure—and excitement! Even Stevenson's "Treasure Island" does not begin to furnish the thrills of The Youth's Companion's great Treasure Hunt. For here Companion subscribers of all ages—girls and boys, women and men—are out on the trail after real Gold, and are actually finding it, too.

When this page went to press just five weeks remained before the close of the Treasure Hunt on December 31. But a good many things can happen in five weeks. For example, there is still time for many more Treasure Seekers to join in the fun and find some of the Gold. Why not get started before another day goes by? Page 742 of The Companion of October 22 will tell you all about it.

Isn't it fortunate, too, that the most exciting part of this wonderful adventure comes just at the time of the year when new subscriptions are most easily obtained.

Everywhere you go now you will find folks wondering "What to give for Christmas." And here you are selling the best gift money can buy—a year's subscription to The Youth's Companion. Don't you see

how easily you can use this gift idea to give your total a big boost in the Treasure Hunt?

You will find also that it will help you get orders if you explain that a beautiful Christmas card with giver's name on it will be sent free with each gift subscription.

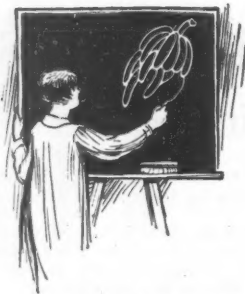
Let me warn you all in these closing days of the Treasure Hunt not to rest on your laurels. During a similar contest a few years ago, a young man sent in an order for five subscriptions. He said he had canvassed his neighborhood and obtained every possible order. He was through. Before I had a chance to answer his letter, along came another order from the same young man with five more subscriptions secured where he least expected them.

There's a lesson here for all of us. So long as a day, or even an hour, remains there's always a chance to get another order. And remember a single subscription at the very end may mean a difference of \$5.00 to \$50.00 in your Gold. "Nuff ced.

Mason Willis
Pirate Captain

How the Treasure Hunt Stands on Nov. 27
With Five Weeks To Go

	No. Subns.		No. Subns.
\$250 Class		63. Wm. Stuart, Alta., Canada	5
1. Dorothy Simpson, Pennsylvania	20	64. Mrs. W. D. Thomas, Iowa	5
\$200 Class		65. Jack Rice, New Jersey	5
2. Robin Garland, Massachusetts	16	66. Max Reid Wiek, Oklahoma	5
\$150 Class		67. Marjorie Robinson, Florida	5
3. Robert Goodlate, New Jersey	14	68. Frances Taylor, North Carolina	5
\$100 Class		69. Herman Miller, New York	5
4. Hollis D. Mason, Massachusetts	14	70. Ruth A. Russell, New York	5
\$75 Class		71. Louise Penny, Ohio	5
5. Mrs. Elsie R. McFarland, Kansas	13	72. Mrs. H. W. Wildman, Illinois	5
\$60 Class		73. Margrethe Prens, Minnesota	4
6. Annie Lyman, Rhode Island	12	74. Edith Claire DeWolfe, New York	4
\$50 Class		75. E. W. Reeves, South Dakota	4
7. Almond Daniels, Florida	10	76. Mrs. Mary Dunn, Kansas	4
\$40 Class		77. William Lindon, Wisconsin	4
8. Linetta Macon, Pennsylvania	9	78. Lila V. Livingston, Kansas	4
\$30 Class		79. Fred H. Anderson, Sask., Canada	4
9. Milan Bump, Colorado	8	80. Valentine P. Sanderson, Nebraska	4
\$25 Class		81. Mrs. J. C. Courtney, Georgia	4
10. Robbie Roe Anders, Tennessee	8	82. Denton Taylor, New Jersey	4
\$20 Class		83. Mrs. J. H. Browning, Illinois	4
11. Blanche Magill, Pennsylvania	7	84. Jennie Van Wyk, Wisconsin	4
12. Vern Pearson, California	7	85. Marshall B. Allen, Massachusetts	4
13. Rev. J. T. Stewart, Florida	7	86. Theodore Glecker, Ohio	4
14. Mrs. W. C. Miller, North Dakota	7	87. Arnold Goodwin, Massachusetts	4
15. James Bockoven, Arizona	7	88. Ralph Hoke, Oklahoma	4
\$15 Class		89. Mrs. W. A. Bliss, Pennsylvania	4
16. Hallie Jenness, Illinois	7	90. Miss Bessie Hill, Iowa	4
17. Guy Johnston, Ohio	6	91. Mrs. Helen Ormond, Massachusetts	4
18. Charles King, Illinois	6	92. Charles Sherman, New York	4
19. Rev. John DeJong, California	6	93. Mrs. W. M. Fuller, Texas	4
20. Ralph Willits, Iowa	6	94. Lois Knie, Oklahoma	4
21. Jennie Barton, Rhode Island	6	95. Nathaniel Beck, Iowa	4
22. C. A. Kingsbury, Colorado	6	96. Alice Glenn, Pennsylvania	4
23. Talcott Bates, New York	6	97. Althea Hoagland, Minnesota	4
24. Olga Whitmer, Virginia	6	98. Carrie O'Neal, Kentucky	4
25. Fred W. Schultz, Indiana	6	99. Mrs. L. F. Austin, North Carolina	4
\$10 Class		100. William Brown, Wyoming	4
26. Mrs. Jake Trapp, Ohio	6	101. Charlotte Thomas, Illinois	4
27. Scofield Ritter, Massachusetts	6	102. James Waterhouse, Virginia	4
28. Chalmers E. Smith, Nova Scotia	6	103. Mrs. Wm. Hoffman, Michigan	4
29. Louise Cline, Florida	6	104. Frances McKay, Pennsylvania	4
30. Dorothy Sutton, Washington	6	105. Mrs. C. M. Shepherd, Nebraska	4
31. Marion Coomer, Michigan	6	106. Annie Smith, Pennsylvania	4
32. Mrs. Hazel Brown, Michigan	6	107. Anne C. Fenderson, Maine	4
33. Mrs. J. G. Cassell, Ohio	6	108. Wiley Davey, Nevada	3
34. Margaret G. Crowl, Pennsylvania	6	109. Nolen Fay, California	3
35. Louise Shields, Illinois	6	110. Mrs. Theo. Archer, Montana	3
36. Edith C. Phillips, Montana	5	111. S. W. Smith, Missouri	3
37. Homer F. Bill, Connecticut	5	112. E. A. Angevine, Vermont	3
38. Ted H. Badger, Minnesota	5	113. Franklin Brattain, Pennsylvania	3
39. Franklin C. Beatty, Washington	5	114. Joseph Goss, Texas	3
40. Ruth Hoge, Oklahoma	5	115. Josephine Baker, Illinois	3
41. Roberta Ingle, New York	5	116. Wm. Carr, New Hampshire	3
42. Ruth L. Hudson, New Jersey	5	117. Geraldine Davidson, Delaware	3
43. Robert C. Platter, Ohio	5	118. Carrie Bonnet, New York	3
44. Laura Withcraft, West Virginia	5	119. Dorothy Van Fossen, Sask., Canada	3
45. Caroline Meyer, Kansas	5	120. Mrs. Frank Bird, Illinois	3
46. Wilbur Primmer, Iowa	5	121. Roy J. Channing, Virginia	3
47. Jack Nelson, Alta., Canada	5	122. R. L. Dailey, Ohio	3
48. Ruth Kabrick, Illinois	5	123. Mrs. E. A. Lawrence, Massachusetts	3
49. Maynard Hanson, North Dakota	5	124. Mrs. Frank Slater, Indiana	3
50. Mrs. Alice Johnson, Illinois	5	125. Ruth Brown, Illinois	3
\$5 Class		126. Bertha M. Douglass, Maine	3
51. Edmond Laing, Maine	5	127. Charles H. Eaton, California	3
52. Harold E. Schultz, Ohio	5	128. Wm. E. Needham, New Jersey	3
53. Benson Brand, West Virginia	5	129. Mary Alice Smith, Ohio	3
54. Dexter H. Wilkins, Massachusetts	5	130. Mrs. John W. Davis, Colorado	3
55. Ed. G. Goodbulb, Indiana	5	131. Lillian Orr, Pennsylvania	3
56. Wilbur R. Ruser, Indiana	5	132. Mrs. E. C. Quimby, New York	3
57. Mrs. C. W. Lowell, Maine	5	133. Nettie B. Woodman, Massachusetts	3
58. Miss Dorothy Rockwell, New York	5	134. Franklin Yeagley, Ohio	3
59. Mrs. M. M. Cress, Oklahoma	5	135. Junior Bond, Vermont	3
60. Robert W. McNitt, New Jersey	5	136. Mrs. W. W. Osgood, Massachusetts	3
61. Bernice L. Warvin, Vermont	5	137. Margaret Blackwell, North Carolina	3
62. Donald Miller, Ont., Canada	5	138. Kathleen Davison, New Hampshire	3
		139. Robert Swett, Illinois	3
		140. Vernon Greene, New York	3
		141. Lawrence Wood, Colorado	3
		142. Eleanor Shaw, Iowa	3
		143. Bratzman, New York	3
		144. W. L. Duncan, Maine	3
		145. John H. Carter, California	3
		146. Robert Hall, Jr., Georgia	3
		147. Lois Stevens, California	3
		148. Chas. H. Plumer, New Hampshire	3
		149. Kenneth Rose, Pennsylvania	3
		150. Cairl L. Butterfoss, New Jersey	3



A MUSICAL "CHALK TALK"

A MUSICAL "chalk talk" will furnish a unique evening entertainment. One person draws on a blackboard while another plays some musical instrument; the artist with her chalk keeps strict time to the rhythm of the music. Any form of musical instrument will do, but the piano is the best. To the onlookers it seems like a difficult performance, but in reality it is quite simple, since the sound of the chalk on the board can be made to follow almost any music. For an impromptu entertainment, however, popular melodies are the best.

Some years ago a young artist made a great success of musical chalk talks in which he chose the national airs for his numbers and depicted each nationality as the orchestra played the air. He finished the series with a picture of Uncle Sam, drawn to the music of the Star-Spangled Banner. That was, of course, an elaborate professional performance, but an amateur can follow the same plan in a more simple way. Suggestions for drawings can be found in many of the popular songs and even in the old-fashioned catches and melodies, such as Three Blind Mice, My Grandfather's Clock, and so on.

The music should be sprightly, and it should be played in perfect time; unless the song is well known, announce the title of it beforehand.

Place the piano so that the musician will face the audience, not the blackboard. In that way the performers seem more independent of each other, and the performance appears more difficult.

If you cannot find anyone who can draw well enough to give the chalk talk, you can prepare the blackboard beforehand by outlining, in lead pencil, the drawings that are to be made. The outlines will be clear enough to anyone standing close to the blackboard, but the audience will not be able to see them. The marks can be easily removed with a damp cloth.

A NEIGHBORHOOD CHRISTMAS

IT'S fun to play the game of Neighborhood Christmas, where everybody joins hands and purses in a big celebration. The owner of the largest house offers it. One neighbor contributes a barrel of choice apples from his own orchard. Everyone must contribute something—produce or labor or both. The boy who raises turkeys for market will perhaps give five big gobblers, and the girl whose mince and squash pies are always in demand at church suppers will make enough of them for the whole neighborhood. Choose a committee to collect fifty cents a member from each family, to spend for gifts to be hung on the tree.

Get all the people together early on Christmas Day and have a sleigh ride for the boys and girls, and a four-mile hike through the woods for the older men, and coasting and snowballing for the children. The women will prepare dinner.

When the feast is over and the tables cleared there follows a general good time, with games and charades and stunts by everyone who can sing or play, tell a story or do anything else that is interesting.

Strip the tree in the evening and serve a light buffet supper. Before the good-nights are said take a vote on the question, "Shall we do it again next year?"

GOOD PARTIES

A TALK-OF-THE-TOWN PARTY

INVITATIONS to a Talk-of-the-Town Party have such a mysterious note that the guests are sure to be interested, and there will be no ice to be broken when the evening of the party arrives.

Place around the living-room posters extolling the advantages of your city and print the city's slogan prominently at one end of the room. Arrange the chairs in rows. The guests are to occupy them, and the hostess is to sit facing them and ask the following questions. Both questions and answers should be oral, for some of the answers are likely to be ludicrous.

Who is the Mayor?

Who are the City Councilors?

What are their salaries, and how long are their terms of service?

How many miles of paving are there in the city?

Name the presidents of the women's clubs.

Name the streets.

Enumerate the activities of the Chamber of Commerce.

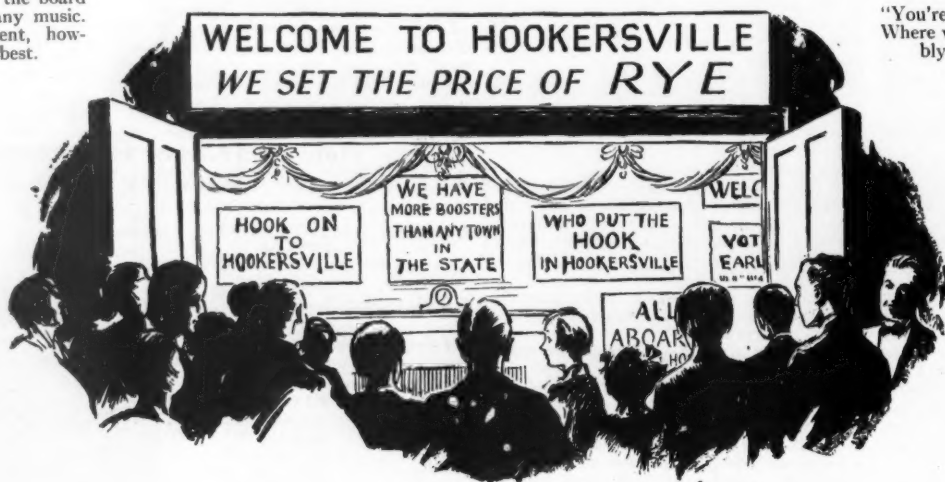
Who is the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce?

What is his compensation?

What is the period of the franchise granted the electric-light company?

What is the period of the franchise granted the street-railway company?

Many people are surprisingly ignorant of their own city government; hence such an examination is likely to be very amusing. The hostess probably will be able to think of many other questions of local interest. The questionnaire of a large city necessarily will differ from that of a smaller one, and it can include questions about certain localities or wards. After the "examination" let the guests ask similar questions, then have each person write a brief essay on "If I Were



How many men are employed in the shops? In the mills?

How many stores are there?

Classify them.

Name the parks and the Park Commissioners.

How many churches are there?

What denominations do they represent?

Mayor." When the essays have been read aloud, award a prize to the one who passed the best examination and to the one who wrote the best essay. Give a pocket map for the booby prize.

In serving refreshments arrange the dining-room as a cafeteria with booths named after the hotels and restaurants of the city.

Are your parties always successful, and do you have more ideas than you can develop? Or do you wish there were some one to work with you, to think up good schemes for you and to help you find out what it takes to make people say, "Of course I'm going; I wouldn't miss one of her parties for anything?"

Write to me about your party troubles!

Hazel Gray.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington St., Boston

A FLOWER GAME



FOR an entertaining flower game you will need some sheets of tissue paper of various bright colors, needles, thread, a pair of scissors and some thin and flexible wire.

Tell each player to think of a well-known flower, and not to mention the name of it but to reproduce it in the tissue paper. Allow the guests about half an hour to cut, crimp and sew the flowers and to fasten them to the wire stems. Then collect the work and fasten to each flower a little tag with a number on it. Arrange the numbered flowers on a table, give everyone a pencil and a card with as many numbers as there are flowers and ask the players to write opposite each number the name of the corre-

1 Rose	5 Lily
2 Asterisk	6 Poppy
3 Daisy	7
4 Pink	8

sponding flower and some quotation, prose or poetical, appropriate to it. Meanwhile ask each guest the name of her flower, so that you your-

self will have a correct list. Read aloud the correct list of flowers, while everyone marks off the wrong ones on her own card, and then read the poetic quotations.

Give a prize to the girl who guesses the greatest number of flowers and another to the one who writes correctly the largest number of quotations. Then vote on the prettiest flower that has been made, and give a prize to the winner. A good way to arrange for

the prizes is to divide the paper flowers into three bouquets and to give one to each prize winner.



A HOLIDAY MEET

THE senior class of a small college gave this entertainment to an all-class assembly with great success. If you want to give one like it, here are the directions: Write the invitations in rhyme like this:

"You're invited to come to a Holiday Meet Where we'll costume, and frolic, and probably eat."

Think well of the day you deem the best And tell it to us by the way you are dressed."

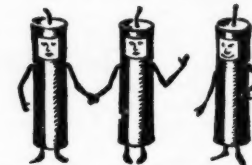
Ask each guest to report to a certain person just what holiday she expects to represent. This will give the committee in charge an idea of how many Kriss Kringles, Halloween elves and witches, May Day queens, Uncle Sams and Miss Americas to expect.

Decorate one end of the hall with Christmas poinsettias, paper greenery and red ribbon bows; another side with gay Halloween decorations; another with St. Patrick Day favorites. Use George Washington emblems, and a May pole for the May queens to dance about, and an array of labor-saving devices for

the exponents of Labor Day. Mark the place where the Thanksgiving Day contingent is to gather with cornstalks and pumpkins, and the Fourth-of-July place with gay flags and striped bunting.

Ask the guests to meet at their appropriate places and each one to discuss just why her day is the best. Each group should choose a spokesman, and there should be a real debate as to which one of our holidays really is the best.

The Halloween folk must tell fortunes while the Fourth-of-July group drink pink lemonade. Those in overalls and



"wash" dresses ought to eat a substantial repast that is supposed to be the correct meal for working people. Give the Christmas followers plum pudding and Christmas sweets, and the ones who honor George Washington cherry pie.

Bring together for the first time Kriss Kringle and Uncle Sam, and let these two hobnob with the May queens and those who yearly fill the horn of plenty. The idea could be used to earn funds for a school or a church society.

NEXT WEEK

You will be glad to know about the New Year Carnival that is coming next week. It is crammed full of good ideas and suggestions for a New Year party and will help you a lot if you are thinking of giving one.

FOR ONE LONE DOLLAR



Wellesley College, noted for its bicycles almost as much as for its three-hundred acre campus that makes bicycles necessary, has added a tandem to its already remarkable collection of resplendent and decrepit bicycles. Elizabeth Nash, freshman, arrived

in Wellesley with it this fall. It is dark red, strong as iron, with two perfectly good tires, and it cost the large sum of \$1. At almost any time of day you can see Miss Nash and her roommate, Miss Cash, speeding along the curving roads of the College Campus.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW

What your handwriting tells? Whether it says that you have artistic ability, or business ability, or amiability, or any kind of ability? That you are sincere, clever, domestic, fickle, hot-headed? That you can keep a secret? The other day I met a gypsy who has studied the science of reading signs by handwriting—they call it graphology. She read my character, and it was such fun that I thought you would like to have her read yours. I asked her, and she said she would.

So—
Write your name and address and age and the word "skarat" on a piece of

paper and send it to me. She will read it for you and tell you everything you know about yourself and then some. It doesn't cost a cent.

Only—
Don't forget the stamped and addressed envelope!

Hazel Jasey

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street, Boston

CHASING THE NOISE OUT OF RADIO

NOISES that do not originate in the set may be divided into the "whistles" of rising and falling sound, owing to the operation of receiving sets themselves with one or more tubes in an "oscillating" condition; continuous "burring" and rushing sounds, owing to electric light and power leaks, or sometimes to code (wireless) stations' "testing"; and intermittent crashing of "static." The electric light and power leaks are generally heard with special intensity at night and increase in volume as the night advances. Complaint to the local electric company will sometimes result in a remedy. The company will be delighted to remove the trouble, but the difficulty is often in locating it. With the better and more expensive sets this outside interference is usually more highly amplified than with the one-tube sets and seems to be more obnoxious. Occasionally electric motors, fans, vibrators, X-ray machines and the like contribute to what is called "interference."

LOOSE OR BROKEN connections account for most of the radio noises that are not due to outside disturbances. The usual method of locating such a connection is to listen in with headphones and shake the various portions of the set and the set as a whole to see if the shaking of itself causes a noise. By careful shaking of the individual wires and pieces of apparatus the noise can generally be definitely located and the source removed. With the antenna and ground wires removed a one-tube set should not give any noises unless the tickler, or regeneration control, is placed so that the tube oscillates, and the multi-tube set should give almost complete quiet. A rushing noise generally accompanies listening in on four or five tubes, even without antenna and ground, and a continuous hum caused by electric lights may be present; but the intermittent clicking and scraping sounds, if heard, may

generally be laid to loose connections, and shaking the set will reveal the source.

A ONE-TUBE SET will operate very well for a period of, say, three or four months on the small block of "B" dry battery. Multi-tube sets require the larger sizes of "B" batteries for satisfactory operation over long periods. It is poor economy, although it is done in many so-called "portable sets" using three or more tubes, to use other than a 22.5-volt "B" battery that is listed to sell at about \$1.75 or a 45-volt "B" battery that is listed to sell at from \$3 to \$3.50. A dry cell allows only a certain amount of current to be taken from it at one time, and this current may be taken at the same rate, for various periods, depending greatly on the size of the battery. Suppose that one tube of a certain type draws two milliamperes of current; then five tubes (without "C" battery) might draw ten milliamperes. This drain would be more than the smaller size of "B" battery could stand for any considerable period. As in the case of the dry "A" battery, there is no particular time to throw away a dry "B" battery. As a rule, when the voltage of the battery tested with a voltmeter drops to 17 (or 34, in case of a 45-volt "B"), it is time to begin to wonder whether or not the operation of the set would be improved by replacement. The 17 volts might work all right for some time with a one-tube set, but with a five-tube set the volume would perhaps be diminished and peculiar scraping noises be heard in the headphones. One poor "B" is so much resistance in the circuit and may prevent other good batteries from supplying current and cause "howls" in audio-amplifiers. A persistent humming or howling in multi-tube sets which for the first time develop that trouble may often be cured by replacing one or more "B" batteries. A "B" battery voltmeter costing, say, a dollar is a good investment.

The World's Greatest Radio Story



Ward's New Radio Catalogue is Now Ready

Are you interested in seeing what is new in Radio—What is best and what has been approved?

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A TALK WITH SANTA CLAUS

By

Edward W. Frentz

ON a plush sofa in a great room lighted by the soft glow of lamps hidden in shades that looked like flowers a little boy was sitting quietly by himself. He was so small that his legs stuck out straight before him, because they were not long enough to reach to the floor. There were many other people in the room, most of them women, some of them leading children by the hand, but none of them said anything to the little boy, or even looked at him. He was lonely, for it was the week before Christmas, and his mother had brought him to the city to see the Christmas trees and the toys in the shop windows; but after going to many places where there had been no toys or Christmas trees she had brought him to this great room and bid him wait until she came.

It seemed to him that he had waited a long time, and it was hard, for on their way to the big room they had passed through crowds of people and between long counters full of sleds and carts and toy cannon and ships and fire engines, and he wanted to look at them so that he could tell Santa Claus what to bring him. He was thinking what he should ask for and wishing that his mother would come, when in at the door walked a figure that made him hold his breath. It was the figure of a tall old man dressed in red trimmed with white. On his feet were great boots that came to his knees, and on his head a tall peaked cap with a tassel that fell over on one side. His face was cov-



"Are you thinking of what you are going to give Santa Claus this year?"

ered with a long white beard in which bits of frost sparkled and through which showed a pair of laughing eyes. The little boy knew at once that it must be Santa Claus.

After standing a moment in this doorway the tall figure in red caught sight of the little boy and came over and sat down beside him and laid a hand on his head. "Well," it said, "are you thinking of what you are going to give Santa Claus this year?"

"No, sir," said the little boy, "I was thinking of what I should ask Santa Claus to give me. And you are Santa Claus! I know, because I have seen pictures of you; but I have never seen you before, and I've always had to write about what I wanted, and I can't write very well, except when my mother helps me. But now I can tell you without writing!" And then he began to name the different things that he wanted.

Santa Claus heard him through, but when he had finished he said: "I see that you think I am very rich, and that I can give a good child anything that he wants. Has no one ever told you how poor I am—that I have nothing of my own: no home, no money, no food even, except what kind-hearted people give me?"

The little boy looked at him with eyes wide with wonder. "Poor, sir?" he said. "Why, I thought you were the richest man in the world! I thought that everything that comes to anybody at Christmas came from you. They always told me so."

"Yes," said Santa Claus, "they told you only what is true. It does come through me, but not from me. It comes from those who know me and what I do and who help me do it. Did you know that there are hundreds of little boys in this city who have no stockings to keep their feet warm and no shoes to keep them dry, that there are little girls who never had a doll and who go to bed hungry every night? And there are other cities in this country where it is the same, and in other countries too, and I must care for all of them. Even if I were the richest man in the world, as you thought, I could not do it alone; but I am happy in having thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands, of helpers."

"Can anyone at all help?" asked the little boy.

"Yes, anyone at all can help. I carry this for those who wish to help," and he held up a tin box that had a narrow slit in the top, and shook it until what was in it jingled.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

The little boy slid to the floor and put his hand deep down into his pocket. When he drew it out there was a bright new half-dollar in it—the half-dollar that his aunt had given him that morning to spend all for himself; and without once looking at it he pushed it quickly into the slit in the tin box that Santa Claus held out to him; and because he was thinking so hard he did not even see that his mother had come into the room and was looking at him.

"I thank you, sir," said Santa Claus and made him a low bow. "You have helped me to send some stockings to a little boy that I know. When Christmas comes I shall try to remember."

And when Christmas did come the little boy found not only that Santa Claus had remembered but that there must have been money enough in the tin box to buy shoes and stockings for those who needed them and to leave something over for other things.

Come, Ride With Me to Toyland

By Rowena Bastin Bennett

Come ride with me to Toyland,
For this is Christmas Eve,
And just beyond the Dream Road
(Where all is make-believe)
There lies a truly Toyland,
A real and wondrous Joyland,
A Little-Girl-and-Boy-land,
Too lovely to conceive!

There Christmas fairies plant a tree
That blossoms forth in stars
And comes to fruit in sugarplums;
There bats and balls and painted drums

And little trains of cars
All stand and wait for you and me
Beneath the shining wonder-tree.

So saddle up your hobby horse
And ride across the night.
The thundering of our coursers' hoofs

Will put the moon to flight;
And when the east is kitten-gray
We'll sight that wondrous Joyland,
And at the break of Christmas Day
We'll gallop into Toyland!

The shining wonder-tree



DRAWINGS BY BENJAMIN



Books That Santa Should Have in His Pack



Portrait of Christopher Robin

Sumo to by his father and Christopher Robin

Attwell

I DO hope that Santa Claus will remember this year how much good little boys and girls like books, for there is such a lot of wonderful new books to choose from. There is the new edition of *When We Were Very Young*, for instance. That surely is a book that everyone wants to have added to the nuts and oranges and other good things he finds in his stocking. Of course we should all enjoy being like Christopher Robin and having a book written just for us, but the next best thing is to read the book that was written for him.

Then there is the Lucie Attwell Children's Book that tells you all about the Poor Little Boy Who Made Toffee and set up a shop of his own where he sold it—and about the Doll Who Didn't Want To Be A Fairy.

And fairy tales! I just love fairy tales, and there is a brand-new edition of Andersen's just out. It has a beautiful colored picture of the Hardy Tin Soldier falling out of the third-story window. You can see by the picture what a dreadful fall it was.

There's *The Holiday Book* by Margaret Warde that has a special story for every real holiday in the year. Isn't it fun to have a new story every holiday—a story that

you must not read until that holiday comes? It would never do to read it on any other day, so we must put it away and not look at it again until the right time. It's like that piece of candy we can have directly after dinner. You know what I mean.

Do you like this poem?

THE LITTLE WHITE GATE

A gate is made for shutting, and that is always right,
But only when it's black and brown,
NEVER when it's white;
Never when it's white, dears, and very tiny too:
It always must be open for the fairies to slip through!

They choose a little white gate because it's clean and neat;
They sit upon the topmost bar and swing their fairy feet:
And if you say you love them, they'll make a fairy din
And open wide the little gate and simply pull you in!

It is the very first poem in a book called *The Little White Gate*, by Florence Hoatson. And the others are just as good, particularly the one called *Aunt Matilda*. If Santa Claus brings you this book for Christmas, I do hope you will read *Aunt Matilda* the very first thing. And I wish you would write and tell me if you like it as well as I do.

I mustn't forget to mention *The Talkative Table*, by James Woodward Sherman. You will like that. It tells you something that nobody knows, and that is—what happens in the kitchen when the cook goes out. Wouldn't you like to know? I have read the book, and so I know, and I shan't tell you, because you will want to read it for yourself. I'll just tell you one thing that happens, or at least that happened once, and that was that the mousetrap went fast asleep and a mouse came right through the hole. And then things began to happen thick and fast.

There is *The Katharine Pyle Book of Fairy Tales* with the stories in it that Katharine Pyle likes especially herself—Why The Sea Is Salt and Punchkin and Snow-White and Rose-Red and Perlinio and East o' The Sun, West o' The Moon. I don't see how anyone could help liking a story that had such a lovely name as that, do you?

A FABLE

By Rowena Bastin Bennett

A WILLOW tree once bent to look At her own image in a brook.
"I am the fairest tree," she cried,
"In all the wooded countryside!"

Just then a rogue wind chanced to pass
And trampled on her looking-glass;
When next she looked she was not flattered;
Her mirror and her pride were shattered.

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This quick Ivory tubbing is very simple. To make Ivory suds you may use either the cakes or the flakes. Ivory Flakes is quicker because it dissolves instantly and you have suds in a second.

Of course, with any soap less pure and safe than Ivory, you might have to think twice before risking your delicate silks and woollens in such frequent tubbings. But Ivory has been used for forty-six years, to cleanse and protect the complexions of millions of women, so the thought of risk with Ivory need never enter your mind if the fabric will stand the touch of pure water.

Have you ever considered this?

A great many women do their entire family washing with Ivory Soap—for their hands' sake as well as for the sake of their clothes. Why not try Ivory yourself for this purpose? You will be delighted with the results.

A conclusive safety test for garment soaps

IT is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question: "Would I use this soap on my face?"

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Ivory Flakes for a very special need

IF you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. With the sample will come also a beautifully illustrated booklet, *The Care of Lovely Garments*, which is a veritable encyclopædia of laundering information. Address a postcard or letter to Section 36-LF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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